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*IN this issue there is at least one article which is worth extremely serious consideration. This is Dixon Merritt's report on what has been revealed in the investigation of our public utilities by the Federal Trade Commission.*

*TO put it briefly, the testimony so far shows that the gentlemen who are represented in the National Utilities Association believe so thoroughly in private ownership that they have been financing a concerted drive to kill for all time any possibility of Government ownership of power companies. This drive includes an extensive organization at Washington, costing $1,000,000 a year, for the purpose of educating Congress to "think correctly;" thirty-eight committees on information at work in various States; a campaign for reaching adults, women in particular, by means of carefully coached speakers in women's clubs; and finally, a drive upon the school-children themselves—the voters of the next generation—which has taken the form of scrutinizing text-books, deleting those parts which favor Government ownership and, where this is not practical, having the offending books removed and substituting others which present exclusively arguments for private ownership.*

*AT first glance this promises to put in the shade the old-time performances of the oil magnates and the railroad promoters even in their heyday. Education by utility companies, and not by the private schools or colleges, which President Coolidge has been praising so recently!*

*FRANKLY, we are discouraged. Here is another of the indefatigable Senator Walsh's investigations—apparently shunted by other people from the Senate to the Federal Trade Commission in the hope possibly that it would receive less publicity. Is it to prove another revelation of those perils which beset democracy in one form or another, but with which, so far as we can observe, President Coolidge has no concern?*

*IN our view, the need in Washington for a forthright, dynamic man becomes more evident every day. A man, Republican or Democrat, who can cope with our present-day necessities, who will be a genuine leader, and on whom nothing can be "put over." Is Governor Smith or Secretary Hoover that man? Or must we look still farther?*

Francis Rufus Bellamy



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Ewing Galloway, New York

**A Rocky Mountain cloud study**

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# The Outlook

May 30, 1928

# The World This Week

### *For Love of Al Smith*

THERE is still red blood in American politics and the glow of personal friendship. The Senate Campaign Funds Committee has unearthed that important fact, if no other. It got something of the thrill of an abiding personal friendship through years of political vicissitudes when Frank O. Lowden was on the stand to explain expenditures in his own campaign. It got a great deal more of it when William F. Kenny, New York contractor, was on the stand to tell of his furnishing $70,000 to Governor Smith's campaign, of which $50,000 George R. Van Namee had said was a loan.

Nothing of the sort, Kenny said. He had lent nothing. He had given $70,000 to the campaign because he loved Al Smith, with whom he played as a boy about the fire-house and elsewhere on the East Side. He gave $25,000 toward wiping out the deficit of the Democratic National Committee because Jesse H. Jones said Governor Smith's friends ought to help. He gave $30,000 or so to Al Smith's gubernatorial campaigns. And he was ready to give to Al Smith's campaign for President as much more as might be needed, limited only by his "ability to pay"—which, by common report, is considerable. He has a private car, and he would be "tickled to death" to have Al Smith make the campaign for President in it, but he had not said anything to Al about it.

Mr. Kenny told, very pridefully, of being an honorary chief in the New York Fire Department, in which his father was a battalion chief when citizen membership meant service as well as honor. He told of having the boys up to the "tiger room" atop his office building for good times. In short, he imparted a ruddy glow to an investigation that had been drenched with ice-water and the cold calculations of practical politics. Incidentally, perhaps, he did a good bit of campaigning for Alfred E. Smith as a human candidate.

### *Japan Asserts Herself in China*

THE encounter of Japan with the Chinese Nationalists is the most important development in the Far East. It entirely overshadows the advance of the Nationalists from their capital at Nanking northward against the militarist Government at Peking.

As the Nationalists have neared Peking, Japan has issued a warning. The fighting, she has said, must not be carried into Manchuria, where she considers it would imperil Japanese interests.

Furthermore, she has demanded an apology from the Nationalist Commander-in-Chief for attacks on Japanese lives and property at Tsinanfu, punishment of the responsible general, compensation for damage suffered, and suspension of hostilities within twenty miles of the Shantung Railway.

The Tsinanfu conflict is now of minor significance in comparison with the Japanese position regarding Manchuria and the Shantung Railway. In this policy Japan has openly asserted her right to control the course of events in China. By doing so she has directly challenged Chinese national sentiment and aroused the hostility of both warring factions. With her military organization, she can afford to ignore the Chinese armies; but the intense antipathy of the Chinese on both sides which she now faces is not negligible.

The Nanking Nationalist Government has sent to Washington an inquiry regarding the attitude of the United States in view of Japan's policy in Shantung. The note was an evident overture for mediation. So far the Department of State has limited itself to saying that this country will keep a free hand in safeguarding Americans and their interests in the Chinese war zones. But the Japanese stand obviously will call for consideration in connection with the doctrine of the "Open Door" in the Far East.

### *Church Unity*

A GROUP of ministers and laymen who went to Syracuse to discuss the theme of Christian unity ended their deliberations by approving an organized fellowship between the Congregational and Disciple of Christ Churches of New York.

Before this was done, however, they had heard the Rev. Alonzo W. Fortune, Kentucky pastor, say that "what the Orient needs is the religion of Jesus rather than the jumble we have made of it. Many of our denominational distinctions have no meaning for them, for they do not have much meaning for us. We do not have the spirit of unity when we insist that the Christian leaders in these non-Christian lands must uphold our denominational peculiarities at all hazards."

They also heard the Rev. Dr. Harry Russell Stafford, of Old South Church in Boston, offer hope of a degree of unity between Catholic and Protestant.

"Catholics," he said, "sincerely believe that Christ founded a Church with orders and sacraments, the sole covenanted channel of grace, in which we Protestants by our own choice have no part. That is their conviction, and we ought to respect their conviction. Nothing is to



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be gained by insisting upon discussion of this controversial subject, concerning which neither party is likely ever to be in a conciliatory mood.

"Are we, then, to be perpetually excluded, unless a miracle should occur, from achieving united Christian witness to the only message which meets the world's needs because Catholics and Protestants are destined never to come together in one body?

"I do not see why we should be. . . . If only we can find what are the deeper and more intimate elements of the Gospel upon which all Christians are agreed, then Catholics and Protestants, in so far as they are true Christians, can agree to disagree about orders and sacraments and still present a united front to the world."

Unity was urged upon all sects, and a report that out in Kansas the Methodist Episcopal Conference had taken action toward a union of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists was the occasion of a resolution of rejoicing.

### *A Bishop Is Unfrocked*

THE Methodists seemed to be more concerned at the moment, however, with the case of Bishop Anton Bast, of Copenhagen. A lady, wife of a Danish Government official, figured in one of the charges against him. Evidence sent from Denmark charged the Bishop with "imprudent conduct," and there was mention of yachting trips on which the lady accompanied him. Even when he had been admonished, it was charged, he had persisted in his "imprudence," to the injury of his influence and the injury of the Church in the Copenhagen area.

He was also accused of concealing the profits of a paper, "The Lighthouse," which he published. He has already served three months in jail on a civil charge involving his management of the paper.

The ecclesiastical court in Kansas City found him guilty on all counts, unfrocked him, but did not dismiss him from membership in the Church.

Bishop Bast, awaiting the verdict in a near-by hotel, announced that he expected the verdict and declared his innocence.

### *"Buchmanism"*

MEANWHILE, the editor of "Isis," Oxford University magazine, was demanding expulsion of all students connected with the semi-religious cult known here and abroad by the name of its founder and chief evangel, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman.

A feature of "Buchmanism" is the religious house party, where personal religion is discussed and confession of sins encouraged. Toward the end of these parties, it is said, the behavior of penitents is hardly distinguishable from the antics of Holy Rollers.

The editor of "Isis" says of the meetings that there is an atmosphere "hovering between giggles and fanaticism. Restraint is thrown aside. Souls are laid bare by hysterical confessions, and with a fervor which no longer pretends to be religious. The theory of direct inspiration, even if it is put into practice, as it never is, calmly and conscientiously, must undermine individuality and destroy free will. This is exactly what it is doing, particularly in women's colleges where Buchmanism has firmly established itself and is producing the worst effects attendant on any perverted religious mania.

"One of its adherents recently has been obliged to leave Oxford. In several other instances devotion to the cult is producing results not usually associated with the practice of Christianity."

This is not the first time that "Buchmanism" has caused dissension on the campus. In 1924 President Hibben had to ask Buchman to leave Princeton in the interest of academic peace. The criticism of the cult was similar to that voiced by the Oxford editor—that its orgiastic features produced an exaggerated and harmful emotional excitement.

### *Television Approaches the Home*

PROMISES of early television sets for the home of the average radio listener do not seem to meet with widespread belief. We have been so long planning television and so much has been written in an effort to explain its apparent complications, that the public naturally is incredulous when the attainment is said to be just around the corner. How can the workers square the two seemingly contradictory points of view? In two ways. First, it is the transmitting apparatus which is the most complicated and costly, and that will not be needed at the receiving end. Again, it will not be necessary at first to give the public any more perfect television than, for example, the first telephones, moving pictures, and airplanes. There will be plenty of thrill in correlating with the smoothly spoken words of the already perfected radio even vague moving images of the exhorting preacher or the dodging pugilist.

It is believed that even this will more than double our appreciation of the radio, while advances in television technique will doubtless keep even pace with increasing public demand. There is not a great deal of apparatus in a simple television receiving set, and when it settles down to mass production every one who has a Ford and a radio, an electric washing-machine or refrigerator, ought to be able to afford one. Those who wait until they are as perfect as moving pictures now are will go without for some years and miss a lot of fun.

### *More Trust Busting?*

SINCE a Harvard professor's paper in the "Atlantic Monthly" produced something very like a panic in Wall Street, it may be that big business will listen attentively when another college official predicts a revival of trust-busting.

This is the warning of Mr. Lewis H. Haney, Director of the Bureau of Research at New York University, based on an opinion that the recent merger of physical properties into great combinations has created a situation not contemplated in the Clayton Act.

"The situation," he says, "in some respects resembles the prohibition legislation. The law has gotten out of harmony with the majority of the people in large sections of the country (if it ever was in harmony therewith), with the result that it is not strictly enforced. New business needs have developed, and they can hardly be met by the old ideas of business regulation. . . .

"There is still a tendency on the part of the law to regard monopoly, as such, as abhorrent. This is as certainly erroneous as it is to regard alcohol, as such, as being abhorrent. A corollary is that competition, as such, is not to be regarded as good. Nor is all restraint of trade undesirable. Competition is only to be defended when it is intelligent, informed, honest, based on efficiency, and normal, not self-destructive. Until these things are recognized, our attitude toward trust regulation will be more or less hypocritical. The tendency will be to place too many limitations on agreement, because we first call it conspiracy and then put it in jail because it is called by that name.

"Such an irrational condition cannot prevail forever, and a condition of stress and strain will result that will ultimately require correction. . . . It would seem wise that corporations should now be shaping their policies with a view to being in good shape to meet a possible outbreak of anti-trust agitation within the next few years. There should be a conscious and intelligent effort to avoid



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Wide World

**TO THE LIVING AND THE DEAD**

**The dedication ceremonies of the Nungesser-Coli and Lindbergh Memorial at Le Bourget, near Paris, where Nungesser and Coli took off on their fatal flight, and where Lindbergh ended his successful one**

waste and to shun the use of business power to crush competitors. The utmost effort should be made to develop economies. The test of economy is one of the most important to be met by large combinations. The operations of our new institutes, etc., should be made clear to the public to the greatest possible extent. Familiarity may breed contempt, but mystery creates suspicion."

### *"Chesty Joie" Enters the Marathon*

THERE has been taking place, under the impetus of the Olympic team competition, one of the most remarkable transitions that track athletics have seen in this country. A diminutive, barrel-chested chap, no longer a young man, has clinched a post for himself as an American entry in the Marathon run. This would not be particularly noteworthy except for the fact that his name is Joie Ray and that until this season he has been a mile runner. He has been, in his day, the great American miler. His day at that distance passed, and so he turned to the Marathon. The difference between the two races is too obvious to need comment.

"Chesty Joie" Ray has run two Marathons in his life. In the first he took third place. In the second one he took first place and broke about all existing American Marathon records. This latter feat was in the Long Beach Marathon at New York.

When Ray first announced his decision to try for the Marathon, plenty of people thought he had become a trifle mad. He finished his first long race with his feet cut and bleeding. In the month between races he conditioned his feet and finished fresh. He has always been one of the most popular of all the American athletes, and his Marathon entry will transform that race into the most interesting of the lot at Amsterdam this summer.

### *Woman's Golf Victories*

IN England, Miss Glenna Collett and the other American women competitors were unable to keep pace with our men entries. Miss Collett dropped out in the third round, fighting in a storm of rain and hail. The British woman's trophy, saved from the long journey across the Atlantic, was nevertheless carried across the Channel to France by Mlle. Manette Le Blan.

### *Reigh Count Wins*

IN the most picturesque event of our horse world, the Kentucky Derby, a minor miracle was performed when the horse which had been the favorite in the public mind for weeks before the race went splashing through the mud at Churchill Downs to come through to victory over the field of twenty-one starters. Reigh Count, the son of Sun Reigh, brought the rich honor and prize money to Mr. and Mrs. John Hertz, the owners.

But the chestnut horse brought more than that. He was backed all over the country by thousands. This race, almost alone of our big horse events, carries with it the same sort of sporting appeal that makes English clerks and bankers, conductors and railroad presidents, place their bets. And Reigh Count brought home a big crowd with him.

### *A Tennis Phenomenon*

IN tennis the youngest player ever to be named to a Davis Cup team post has been appointed to our team and stands a very good chance of going abroad with it. This is Wilbur F. Coen, of Kansas City, and he is just sixteen years old and carries his school-books around with him from tournament to tournament.

His post has been won by some of the most amazing tennis that any boy anywhere has ever played. With Australia out of the play as the result of the surprising victory of Italy, there is good reason to believe that this country will challenge France and Paris may have the spectacle of the small, slight Coen facing the grave-faced master, René Lacoste.

### *Ride by Night, Fly by Day*

MOVIE stars, always on the lookout for a more expensive way to travel, will be gratified by the plans for combined air and rail transportation between New York and Los Angeles. Traveling by air in the daytime, at night sleeping in Pullman berths, they will soon be able to cut down their commuting time between Hollywood and the Atlantic seaboard to less than forty-eight hours. And so will anybody else possessing the price, which, according to officials of the new system, will be only moderately in advance of present transcontinental rates with drawing-room accommodations.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe have joined hands with the National Air Transport Company, the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation, and the Wright Aeronautical Corporation to form the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., headed by C. M. Keys, who is also President of the Curtiss corporation. Its capitalization of $5,000,000 is said to be already subscribed. Within six or seven months, it is promised, the passenger will get on a limited train at the Pennsylvania Station in New York at six in the evening. The next morning at about eight he will be taken off at Columbus, Ohio, and driven to the airport, where he will board a huge fourteen-passenger plane with restaurant service. He will come down at Wichita,



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Kansas, spend the night on the train, and take to the air once more in New Mexico. At five that afternoon he will be landed at Los Angeles.

This route has been chosen, according to Mr. Keys, because it is over the most suitable territory and is comfortable for all-year-round flying. Ten or twelve three-motored planes will be used, having a potential speed of 120 miles an hour, although they will be scheduled to fly at 90.

### *A Decade of Air Mail*

TEN years ago this month air mail service began in a tentative, feeble fashion. In borrowed bombing planes flown by army aviators a single bag of mail was carried once a day between Washington and New York. The possibility of making the service self-supporting was ridiculed.

In nine years the Post-Office Department operated mail planes for over 13,500,000 miles and had delivered some 300,000,000 pieces of mail, with only two fatal accidents.

Then the air mail was turned over to contracting companies, not because it was a failure but because it was a growing success. Now passengers and light express matter can be carried as well as mail and the contractors are making a profit, while the Government has paid over $2,500,000 for mail service proper.

### *Some Bouquets and a Brickbat*

LET the artist take heart in his garret. During the week just past his handiwork has been indorsed by a number of our most distinguished citizens, including the President of the United States. Only in Rome, almost paradoxically, was a brickbat hurled.

Said Mr. Coolidge: "If we could surround ourselves with forms of beauty, the evil things of life would disappear and our moral standards would be raised. Through our contact with the beautiful we see more of the truth and are brought into closer contact with the infinite. Our country has reached a point where this is no longer a visionary desire, but is becoming an actual reality. With general prosperity, with high wages, with reasonable hours of labor, have come both the means and the time to cultivate the artistic spirit."

Mr. Otto Kahn, banker and patron of art and letters, finds in art an antidote to Bolshevism. "Art pays," he declares. "Beauty is today an element of policy with far-seeing men. Though business men may still look upon art ventures in stepmotherly fashion, the new leaven is working in their minds and hearts, and in their pocketbooks.

"Art diminishes unrest. European nations, realizing this, are subsidizing orchestras, theatres, and museums."

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman agrees with Dean Inge that the next great prophet will be a dramatist.

Amid all these kind words for the professions of Shakespeare and Wagner, Rubens and Rodin, Rome hurled a brick at nude art, the missile being specifically directed at four female figures that adorn a newly unveiled fountain. Despatches say that a purity campaign is developing, with the "Osservatore Romano," official Vatican organ, leading the attack.

### *They Have Their Troubles Too*

AMERICANS are inclined to argue that the United States is the only nation which has real difficulties over the liquor question. Seeing their own troubles close at hand, critics of prohibition long for the green pastures of open sale or Government dispensaries. Here are two Associated Press items which indicate that some difficulties exist elsewhere.

One comes from Toronto, and reads as follows:

"The recent order of Sir Henry Drayton, Chairman of the Liquor Control Board, to check up more strictly on permit holders led to the cancellation of over 1,000 permits within the last few days. Over 3,000 permits were canceled during the year. The Board now is endeavoring to find a more satisfactory way of identifying permit holders."

We wonder whether these 3,000 people who have been denied permits will take the deprivation as final, or whether they will contribute to the establishment of an illicit sale of liquor. Light on their attitude may be gathered from the second Associated Press despatch, from Glasgow, Scotland, a land where liquor can be bought openly:

"High taxation of spirituous liquors, making whisky, brandy, and similar spirits a luxury too expensive for the pocket of the small wage-earner, accounts for the illegal trade. The restricted opening hours of saloons, survival of restrictions enforced during the Great War, also is considered to materially assist the sale of crude spirits. . . .

" 'Moonshine' at 3 shillings a gallon wholesale and £3 a gallon retail offers an attractive profit, and officers of the Customs and Excise Department who deal with traffic in 'home brew' admit that they experience the utmost difficulty in bringing the British bootlegger to book.

"Most arrests are caused by quarrels among the bootlegging fraternity, which sometimes cause disgruntled individual members of the various gangs to give information to the police."

Bootleggers in Merry Scotland? We thought we had a monopoly of that trade.

### *Chewing-Gum Forests*

THE social status of the gum-chewer may not be high, but his devotion to his cud is of only too public knowledge. That his tribe is enormous and ever-growing is proved by a news cable despatch from Mexico. It appears that American chicle interests (and chicle practically means chewing-gum) have just acquired from Mexican owners 355,000 acres of Mexican forest over the border from Belize, in British Honduras, which is also a great chicle-producing country.

Mexico already sells 6,000 tons of chicle yearly, and has 2,000,000 acres of chicle-producing forests in the public domain. Not all the trees are of the variety (*Sapote chico*) which yields chicle. Those that do are tapped and the sap drawn, as with rubber trees.

There seems to be no danger that American jaws will cease to champ for lack of raw material.

### *Darkest Alabama*

THE backing and filling of Alabama in its efforts to get action or prevent action in the notorious flogging cases would be amusing if it were not contemptible. The latest move is stated in press despatches to be Governor Graves's appointment as prosecuting attorney for Crenshaw County of Ira B. Thompson, Exalted Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan for the Luverne Realm, who was among those indicted by the Crenshaw County Grand Jury in its investigation of floggings.

Perhaps this stalwart arm of the law will prosecute himself and defend himself. His defense might be his open utterance that the Klan is "a necessity for a nation overridden by foreign and un-American influences."

### *An English Novelist and an American Story-Teller*

WHEN Hugh Walpole entitles his article in the London "Spectator" on O. Henry "The Supreme Sentimentalist," he does not mean that the American prince of short stories wallows in sentimentalism. There is, indeed, a wide gap between sentiment and sentimentalism. Mr. Walpole defines the O. Henry brand of



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Acme

**SEVEN IS THE LUCKY NUMBER**

**of Boy Scouts chosen from thousands in the United States to join the Martin Johnson expedition in Africa this summer. The photograph shows Colonel Theodore Roosevelt congratulating the Boy Scouts who have been selected**

entiment neatly in the words "compas-ion with humor" and admires his recog-ıition of "fidelity under trial, courage ınd good humor in adversity, tolerance f one's fellow-creatures."

In all this the ultra-modern fiction chool may possibly learn something rom the old-timers. Mr. Walpole him-elf eminently possesses that quality. Ie does not mourn the loss of passionate ıvocations and dripping romance. He ven finds sentiment in modernist writ-ers like Thornton Wilder and Virginia Voolf, but pitched in a different key and ıarked by reserve and subtlety.

There is room in all periods and un-er all literary fashions for every writer ho can deal with life and character ersely, and with humor, and even ıaybe with a shade of tenderness, and . Henry did all this, and more.

### *nother Setback for 'ailroad Consolidation*

HE famous Van Sweringen boys of leveland—any pair of brothers are ılled "boys" until they are octogena-ans—have won, at best, a pyrrhic ctory in the decision of the Interstate ommerce Commission permitting them acquire the Père Marquette Railway. o ahead and take it, the decision seems say, "if you can do it under the terms lowed." It is not necessary to go into e details of the limitations. It is ıough to say that the financial require-ents may not be simple to follow ıt.

The other parts of the Interstate ommerce Commission's ruling consti-tute a definite rebuff to the Van Swer-ingens and, in addition, another setback to the slowly fading dreams of railroad consolidation in the East. The Chesa-peake and Ohio, controlled by the Van Sweringens and their Nickel Plate inter-ests, had asked for permission to acquire the Erie. This was an essential part of their plan for a trunk-line system. The Interstate Commerce Commission has declined to permit this.

It would look as though railroad con-solidation, approved in principle by the Coolidge Administration, were about as distant as at any time during the past four years. There were to have been five trunk lines, all of them controlling or leasing some of the lesser railroads. In effect, the railroad business from the Eastern seaboard was to have been di-vided among the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Nickel Plate (controlled by the Van Sweringens), and a line to have been created by L. F. Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson, out of the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash.

Not a single decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the last four years has favored the plan. The Outlook pointed out recently that Mr. Loree had apparently abandoned his part in it by selling his Lehigh Valley and Wabash holdings to the Pennsylvania for $63,-000,000. There is now talk of an appeal to Congress for more liberal railroad leg-islation, on the theory that the Inter-state Commerce Commission is now too rigidly limited in jurisdiction. It is not likely that this will be forthcoming. There are aspects of the Van Sweringen operations which are none too savory, as the Commerce Commission pointed out, and all plans for mergers must demon-strate that they are for the public good. It is a significant fact, also, that the rights of minority stockholders can no longer be ignored with impunity.

## From Washington

### *What Can We Believe?*

FISH stories, whether of Jonah or Neighbor Jones, are not the only things which one may not safely believe. In-deed, the question seems to be whether there is anything that one may so be-lieve, even in Government reports.

About three years ago we were in-formed by the Indian Office that the great majority of the red wards of the Government were ready to take their places in the social and economic life of the country beside their white brothers and sisters. At least three-fourths were ready for citizenship, and most of the others, because of our excellent way of handling wards, for responsible duties.

Now comes the Institute for Govern-ment Research, after two years of inten-sive investigation, with an entirely dif-ferent story. Here are typical sentences from the report, now ready to be re-leased:

"The majority of the Indians are poor and are not yet adjusted to the dominant white civilization."

"The vitality of the American Indians is so low and various diseases are so prevalent that their condition becomes a serious National problem."

"The Government has failed to de-velop an adequate program of public health administration and preventive medicine for its Indian wards."

"Neither the hospitals nor the sani-taria maintained by the Indian Service meet the minimum standards for institu-tions of that class."

"The primary need is development of initiative and responsibility in the indi-vidual. . . . The present tendency is toward mass handling of the pupils with individuality suppressed by the institu-tional routine."

"The number of Indians who are sup-porting themselves through their own efforts, according to what a white man would regard as the minimum standard of health and decency, is small."

"Little has been done on the reserva-tions toward finding profitable employ-ment for the Indians."

"The . . . Indian family has not ad-



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justed itself to the requirements of life in contact with the white race and is failing to contribute as it should to the well-being of its members."

"Conditions have tended toward the weakening of Indian family life and community activities rather than toward strengthening them."

"The Indian service lacks a personnel trained and experienced in educational work with families and communities. The result is almost total absence of well-developed programs . . . to meet local conditions."

"Poor housing conditions . . . are beyond the control of the Indians."

"Sanitary facilities are generally lacking."

"The situation with respect to marriage and divorce is in general highly unsatisfactory."

"The Institute takes the position that the effective approach to the problem . . . is through the family and Indian community, and that the work must be done by a trained and competent personnel materially better qualified than most of the employees of the Indian Service now engaged in such activities."

The Institute for Government Research is not a Government institution, but one privately endowed. It was, however, asked to make this survey by the Secretary of the Interior, under whom the Indian Office functions. Perhaps there is hope for the American Indian. But, deferred for a hundred and fifty years, it has done something more than make his heart sick.

### *A Friendship that Lasts*

DURING the week, Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, came to Washington from his Rock River farm to explain that about $60,000 had been spent in his campaign for the Republican nomination, of which $15,000 came out of his own pocket. "That is," he went on, "Buck says I have given $15,000, but I thought it was $12,500, and I can't explain the discrepancy." Most of the remaining $45,000 was given by two personal friends, Omer N. Custer and Robert D. Clark.

Mr. Lowden answered in detail and with the utmost cheerfulness all questions that the five members of the Committee asked him. Frequently he did not know, and said so. Sometimes, as when asked if any negotiations had been conducted for acquiring the delegates of other candidates, he answered, "You will have to ask Clarence Buck about that—I've conducted none."

Asked specifically if there was an agreement by which, if he could not obtain the nomination, his delegates were to go to Dawes, Mr. Lowden paused for several seconds. Then he said, "I have come to represent a cause," and explained how his candidacy and the demand for what is called farm relief have become identified. "You can see," he continued, "that I have no right to barter away delegates. The thing has never been mentioned between me and Dawes. But you ought to know, gentlemen, that the Vice-President and I have been very, very close friends for the greater part of our active lives." Two or three other times he adverted to this personal friendship.

Only once did Mr. Lowden show any reluctance about answering. That was when Senator Barkley asked him a question containing the phrase, "favoritism in Government policies." "Do you think, Senator Barkley," asked Mr. Lowden, "that you ought to ask me that question? If you do, I will"— But Senator Barkley amended the question in such way as to eliminate the objectionable language, and Mr. Lowden promptly answered it.

Kirby in the New York World

**He's a devil in his own home town**

Finally, Mr. Lowden thanked the Committee for giving him the first opportunity he had had for some time of coming to Washington, and, shaking hands here and there, went to the Capitol and to the office of his friend the Vice-President.

### *And One That Failed*

THAT same afternoon Senator Watson, of Indiana, was on the stand and revealed something on the other side of what politics does to friendships. He told how the Hoover organization sent a number of distinguished speakers into Indiana to try to prevent Watson's carrying the State. Two of those speakers were sons of William Howard Taft. "And," said Senator Watson, "in 1912 I was their father's floor manager."

Senator Watson did not know what his campaign in Indiana cost, but his campaign manager later testified that the expenditures were $33,856.

### *Cash and Colored Committeemen*

LATER testimony as to Secretary Hoover's campaign has revealed the fact that the accounting at the Washington headquarters does not include receipts and disbursements of the New York and California organizations. There may be later some revision of the $250,000 total.

The most interesting testimony concerning the Hoover campaign was given by Rush Holland, who was an Assistant Attorney-General under Harry M. Daugherty. It involved expenditures of only $10,000, but two items were of the kind that may become "touchy." Mr. Holland testified that he toured the South in Mr. Hoover's behalf, that he gave $2,200 to Perry Howard, Negro Republican National Committeeman from Mississippi, and $2,000 to Ben W. Davis, Negro Republican National Committeeman from Georgia. Another $1,000 went to Oliver D. Street, Republican National Committeeman from Alabama. Each of these men controls the delegation—or, at least, one set of delegates—from his State. Payments were made before the delegations were selected.

Whether these expenditures were meant in any way to influence Convention votes is not in the record. But (such is the state of Southern thought) they are likely to influence some election votes—for Smith. That, of course, goes on the assumption that Hoover and Smith are to be the nominees for President.

### *Uncle Sam and "Old Miss"*

THE most colossal sporting contest that the world ever saw is on. The President has signed the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill. For a decade, perhaps for a generation, the Government will strive to subdue the world's greatest stream. And finally, in a time of big rains, the decision will be announced. Either man will have bound nature or nature will, as always thus far, snap his fetters and go her way.

Whatever else the Flood Control Bill may or may not be, it is commitment of the Federal Government to use "force to the utmost" to hold the Father of



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Waters within banks. The immediately available appropriation is but a mere $325,000,000, but the commitment is for ultimate funds of billions if they are needed.

There are those who say that emotionalism played too large a part in the passage of the bill. But even these agree that, so far as is possible in human affairs, the danger of graft was got rid of and that the billion, more or less, will be spent in actual effort to control the waters of the Mississippi. The play-acting of building levees on the pretext of improving navigation is in the discard. The gesture of co-operative effort is ended. The Federal Government undertakes the job for what it actually is.

The biggest bill that was ever before Congress, perhaps, has become a law.

### *More Government Ships*

THE Shipping Board Replacement Bill is already on the President's desk. It confirms the Government as a shipper—puts it permanently into the shipping business, which it entered originally as a war necessity. The Government-owned merchant marine is to be strengthened by new ships, sufficient in number and in size to maintain the tonnage.

But this bill is also a ship subsidy bill. The Government is to maintain its fleet by paying a subsidy to itself. In a limited way, it is to do the like for private ship-owners too. Aid is to be given in construction rather than in operation. As in the case of the Muscle Shoals bill, private ownership is not wholly the loser by having the Government as a competitor.

### *Government Business Branches Out*

THE Government has gone into business—if there is anything new about that. If there is not, it has gone into new businesses. The Congress has so declared. The President may make that declaration void as to one or two of the new interests, but hardly as to all.

The House has passed the Morin Bill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals as a power plant and a fixed nitrogen factory. The Morin Bill differs somewhat from the Norris Bill which the Senate had previously passed, but the differences are not greater than the conferees can adjust. Before this session of Congress ends a Muscle Shoals bill will be on the President's desk. It has been on his doorstep for eight years.

The farmers' organizations, which wanted the Shoals plants operated either publicly or privately as a complete fertilizer factory, are not satisfied with the bill. Fertilizer manufacturers and power companies will get some of the benefits. But fertilizer manufacturers and power companies are not satisfied either. The Government will be, to an extent, in competition with them.

The two forces fought each other so long and so bitterly that they had, finally, to accept a measure which neither wanted. Congress, subservient at times and in part to each, finally wore its patience out and acted. The country wins. The greatest of all power plants will not stand idle. And the law can be amended—if the President signs the bill.

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

**The music master**

# Windows on the World

*By Malcolm W. Davis*

PREPARATION FOR WAR is going on as energetically as usual, side by side with the effort to outlaw war.

France is strengthening herself particularly for under-sea warfare. She has recently completed one of the most powerful submarines in the world, able to stay at sea for thirty days and with a cruising radius of 8,000 miles. And she is starting another. Reports from Paris indicate that France has in all thirty submarines under construction and four undergoing trials. This would give her a total of 87—many of them old—as against 60 for Great Britain.

The British Air Ministry has developed a new fast bombing plane which in a demonstration test dropped a torpedo weighing nearly a ton at the appointed mark.

Spain has come to an understanding with Italy on sea strength in the Mediterranean, and has tripled her annual navy appropriation. The details of her new building program, to cost 600,000,000 pesetas, were determined in a secret royal conference, and are not to be made public. Premier de Rivera declares that its purpose is to protect the Spanish coast and that it has no imperialistic aims.

These are little indications of the underlying reasons for widespread interest in the American proposal of a general treaty against war.

SECRETARY KELLOGG apparently is to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for his determination and energy in advancing the plan for renunciation of war. If his draft agreement wins its way ultimately to success, no one more certainly deserves it. The award will be made in November, and by then it will be possible to see clearly how this plan is working out.

Great Britain—with the approval of the Dominions—has sent an official note accepting the Kellogg plan cordially, but suggesting that it be completed by some memorandum or amendment specifying just how it bears on the Covenant of the League of Nations and the security treaties of the European Powers. Since Mr. Kellogg has already stated that his suggestion of a general pledge against war is not intended to supplant or interfere with existing obligations, this desire of the European nations to define its meaning seems to constitute no threat to the whole enterprise. The reason for hesitation now is largely the desire of France to retain her right of action under the treaties of mutual defense she has made with other countries, such as Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia.

Evidently, if one of these nations should not sign the general treaty and

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

**The Chinese rug**



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then should suffer an attack by some Power that had signed it, the joint agreement renouncing war would not cover the case. Suppose that Poland were not a party to the general treaty, and that Germany should revive the issue regarding her eastern boundaries and the territory assigned to Poland after the World War, and that war between Germany and Poland should result. France would not be able to act against Germany in support of her ally without violating the general agreement that would bind France and Germany. A treaty arrangement of that sort would vitally weaken the present European system of keeping order on the Continent; and it is against contingencies like this that France wishes to provide. But it is assumed that Poland and the other allies of France will sign the general treaty and thus come under its protection. In that case, the compact outlawing war would prove a powerful reinforcement of the European frontiers set up at Versailles and would strongly buttress the League of Nations.

It is evidence of the new will to peace in Germany that, realizing this, she has unreservedly given her adherence to the American program.

And from the Far East comes word that the Japanese Government has decided to accept Secretary Kellogg's draft treaty against war as it stands.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS are a test of the changed point of view in Germany. As the country goes to the polls, acute relief is felt throughout Europe at the prospective recovery of the Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, from the severe illness that has threatened his life. As head of the influential People's Party, organized by financiers and industrialists, he has been responsible for the Locarno treaties of arbitration and guaranties of security with the Allies, and for taking Germany into the League of Nations. He deserves in large measure the credit for Germany's recovery of her position in Europe, and the further progress of the pacific policies he has inaugurated depends largely on him.

The German campaign has been fought with great bitterness between the extreme conservatives and radicals. Dr. Walther von Keudell, Nationalist Minister of the Interior, tried to have certain Communist organizations suppressed and excluded from the elections. The Federal Supreme Court overruled him, and so prevented a move which would undoubtedly have made Communist votes. Both the Nationalists—who are in reality monarchists—and Communists attacked the supporters of the Republic. Two of these republicans, adherents of an organization for protection of the new red-black-gold banner of the Republic, fell as victims of street fighting—one killed by Nationalists and one by Communists.

An interesting aspect of the balloting is that women voters outnumber men by two and a quarter millions.

From the Evening Standard (London)

**Carol (sadly): "They do this sort of thing much better in the pictures, now"**

POLAND has effected the stabilization of her currency, for which she has been working with the aid of American advisers.

Paderewski, who led Polish hopes for liberty and restoration at Versailles and in Poland after the Peace Conference, made clear in a recent eloquent address in New York how appropriate this American aid is. He was speaking at a celebration of the tenth anniversary of the restoration of Poland, and he gave the credit for the recreation of his country to the United States. He attributed it to President Wilson's message to the Senate: "Statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be a united, independent, autonomous Poland." The voice of America, said Paderewski, "shook the diplomatic traditions of the world to their very foundations." The work of building a Polish economic structure is less dramatic, but it is as vital to the future of the people whose freedom America helped to regain.

COLONEL HUGH L. COOPER, adviser to the Soviet authorities as a hydro-electrical engineer regarding the construction of a power plant on the Dnieper River, thinks that the United States should recognize the present Government in Russia. "The great cry in Russia today," he declared at a meeting of the Credit Association of the Building Trades of New York, "is for American help in the development of natural resources.

"I am in full accord with our State Department in their requirement that the Russians must stop the activities of the Third International; must agree to the payment of the Kerensky debt; and must recompense American property-owners whose holdings in Russia were confiscated by the present Government. I was told by Premier Rykov that the Russians are ready to make such an agreement."

Just how all this is to be arranged is hard to see, in the light of the recent conference of the Third International at Cassel, Germany, on ways and means of propaganda in armies and navies. American delegates reported that the Communists now have ten "cells" organized and working in the United States navy—as against three a year ago. In the British navy, delegates said, there are thirteen such "cells," and in the French navy fourteen, while regimental "cells" are increasing in the British, French, and Polish armies. The chairman, M. Rykov—a nephew of the Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs—predicted a period of mutinies and seditions in 1928 and 1929.

In India, Russian trade unions have aided the prevailing mill and railway strikes with funds and have carried on Communist agitation.

These reports do not sound particularly favorable for a termination of the activities of the Third International—a result which it is doubtful that the Soviet authorities are in a position to demand even if they were willing.



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# Big Bill Haywood

THE death of Big Bill Haywood in Moscow removes a figure much more notable in the United States than in Soviet Russia.

Haywood's immense bulk, and a somewhat ferocious cast given to his countenance by the loss of an eye in a miners' fight with militiamen, made him a marked figure anywhere. From his turbulent young manhood until his flight to Russia he was always embroiled. Born of a miner's family in 1869, he was "bound out" to a farmer, ran away, and even in his youth became an agitator. As an official of the Western Federation of Miners, and then as an organizer and leader of the International Workers of the World, he was in constant conflict with authority, and was arrested so often that finally he lost count, so he said, of his imprisonments. He was acquitted of complicity in the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, to which Harry Orchard confessed; during the World War he was convicted of obstruction, fined $10,000 and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. Already he was the victim of diabetes. On the advice of friends that he could not live in prison, he jumped his bond and went to Russia.

Haywood's mind, like his deportment, was undisciplined. He was at one moment the pupil of Sorel, at another of Karl Marx, at another of Kropotkin. Those who flocked to his banner were attracted by his egotism, his oratory, and by a personality which many found winning. In the Soviet Republic none of Big Bill's utterances and theories had the revolutionary charm which they had exercised on a minority in the United States. To the Russians there was nothing new in the declaration that the workers should own and control production, that wars were the quarrels of capitalists, that patriotism and nationalism were hallucinations. Haywood, who had been hated, feared, and intensely admired at home, found himself almost a nonentity. This may have contributed to his disappointment with conditions as he found them; for his public statements and his letters to friends in the United States revealed his disillusion at observing in practice many of the theories he had espoused. We may be sure that he died an embittered and saddened man. He directed that his body be cremated, and that half the ashes be buried in Chicago beside the men executed for the Haymarket riots, half in the shadow of the Kremlin wall near the body of John Reed. To some that spot will be forever a shrine; but for many it will be but a provocation of the thought that Communism and Nihilism, unless they are truly a religion of their advocates and are untainted by self-seeking vanity, must finally be as ashes in the mouth.

# Trained Seals

ANY day now we expect to hear that Texas Guinan and Peggy Joyce will report the National Conventions for Bernarr Macfadden's "Evening Graphic." Possibly Aimee Semple McPherson will, figuratively speaking, go along with them; we say figuratively, because when she reported the Snyder-Gray trial she was as close to the court-room as California is to Long Island. Of course, our forecast may be wrong. Mr. Macfadden's trained seals may be a "Follies" beauty and Miss Ruth Elder.

One of the compensations of a campaign year is the high style of reporting adopted by the press. We await with unaffected impatience the pre-convention ballyhoo, by their respective journals, of the trained seals who are to watch the performances at Kansas City and Houston. The Scripps-Howard "Telegram" will despatch Will Durant, or we will be disappointed. With the philosopher will go, we assume, a playwright or two, a high-powered preacher, and perhaps David Belasco.

The Hearst papers, if they are not nodding, have already engaged Mary Roberts Rinehart, Willard Mack, and Fannie Hurst. And what a scrambling there must be, if the deal has not already been consummated, for the Rev. Billy Sunday and the Rev. John Roach Straton! The New York "Herald Tribune," which has first call on the daily counsel of the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, surely has been enterprising enough to sign him; and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, we hope, will charter for his New York "Evening Post" and his "Public Ledger" in Philadelphia that adviser of the love-lorn, Miss Dorothy Dix.

A friend of ours tells a story of his first acquaintance with this system. A quarter of a century ago, when he was head of the copy desk of the Chicago "Evening American," no less than eighteen trained seals were hired to report the Washington Derby, the horse-race of the year in those parts. Our friend read one story after another with increasing dismay. Then he asked his school of copy readers:

"Which horse won this race? When was it run? And what was the elapsed time in split seconds?"

None could tell him. All eighteen stories put together did not include these trivial details. So a trained reporter was summoned to write an introduction that would give the reader what he really wanted to know about the Washington Derby.

That was true of trained seals twenty-five years ago, and is precisely as true today.

The newspaper reporter at the coming National Conventions will undertake the drudgery, mostly anonymous, of digging out facts about hotel conferences, undercover trades, and secret caucuses, where the real news is made. But the big money will go to the trained seal who, bored and superior, draws soul portraits or compares the occasion to a play, a novel, or a cabaret.

# Sugar-Coated Education

THE official language text-books to be used in the schools of California, according to Associated Press despatches from Sacramento, will be written in what is termed "newspaper language." Cartoons suggestive of comic strips will enliven the pages, there will be "lead paragraphs," and black-face type will be used in profusion.

Until the text-books have appeared next fall it is unfair to condemn them. It is sound pedagogy to make the study of languages, or anything else, as simple as possible. The test of a method is the result that it gives. If French can be taught more easily by comic strips in which Mutt and Jeff utter the French equivalents of "Pow" and "Zowie," it is perhaps worth while to use them.

It is possible, on the other hand, that the process of education can be made too simple. Without passing on the California experiments, one might advance the theory that a certain amount of thinking and just a little hard work are also excellent features of any curriculum. Such innovations as motion pictures in the school-room have a definite function; they extend the limits of the classroom to far and distant places. They must, however, be stimulants and not substitutes for thought.



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# My Own Ten-Minute Exercises

*By*

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Illustrated by Herb Roth

NEXT to prohibition and the question of the French debt, the leading issue before the public today is the problem of how to get any exercise if you live in an apartment-house, and this question, I might add, will probably have quite a bit to do with the coming Presidential election. Both Al Smith and Hoover have, of course, expressed themselves as thoroughly in favor of exercise, but that is a cowardly dodging of the issue, and I firmly predict that any candidate who will stand up and tell apartment dwellers honestly and fearlessly *how* they can get any exercise will be swept into office by an overwhelming majority. In fact, the increase in the number of these dwellings—and the resultant increase in the number of people living in them—has brought to the attention of the world, and especially the medical world, a new disease which is known as "Hooper's complaint" (after Dr. Thurlow Hooper, its discoverer), and statistics show that at least seventy-two per cent of people now living in apartments are sufferers from this malady, purely from lack of exercise.

"Hooper's complaint" (or, more familiarly, the "apartment-house bulge") generally begins to make its appearance in the victim at the age of thirty, although some are attacked by it even earlier. The first symptom is usually a mild feeling of discomfort caused by a certain inexplicable tightness at the waist-line while putting on one's vest or shirtwaist; in a few more weeks the victim discovers that it has become practically impossible for him to get the coat buttoned across his stomach, let alone the trousers, and in answer to his despairing plea the doctor is forced to tell him that he is a sufferer from the dread "bulge."

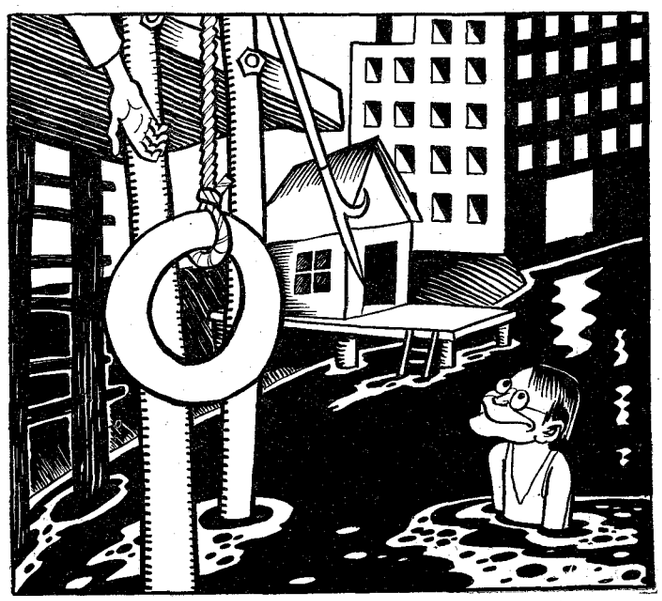
Fortunately, however, the disease is not incurable, if caught in its earlier stages, and in the majority of cases it can be checked by such measures as cutting out potatoes, limiting one's self to six highballs a day, etc. But the real remedy is, as I have suggested, exercise—daily exercise—and that brings us right back to where we started from: "How can you get any exercise if you live in an apartment?"

Now I, for example, am a typical case. I live in an apartment in New York. I belong to no golf club, and I can't ride a horse. Let me tell you about my efforts to ward off the "bulge."

First of all, I tried swimming. We happen to live on 57th Street, within a stone's throw of the East River (if you like to throw stones), and it seemed to me the most natural and easy thing in the world just to go down to the end of the street each day and have a real good swim.

Well, it seems that there are complications about swimming in the East River. In the first place, the water itself is not particularly attractive, and, in the second place, it is very full of boats. And, thirdly, there must be some sort of a law against it, because I had not been in the water five minutes before a large crowd gathered on the shore and I was thrown a life-preserver. I tried to explain to the policeman that I was just in for the exercise and I did a couple of stunts to show him how well I could swim, but it didn't seem to do any good, so I swam back to the shore and was arrested. And that more or less made me decide to give up swimming.

Then I tried running around the block, which certainly sounds easy enough. And, as a matter of fact, it worked very well—as far as 58th Street. But at 58th Street there was a large number of extremely disagreeable small boys who thought that it would be fun to run along beside me and ahead of me and around me, which became, after a while, very embarrassing and not a little annoying, especially as their comments on my various physical features in shrill voices were more amusing to the passing pedestrians than they were to me. The next day I tried running in the opposite direction, but somehow or other they saw me and soon caught up with me, and after that they used to wait outside the apartment door for that "tall guy wit' glasses," and even sent insulting messages up to me by the elevator boy. A week of this was about all I could stand.



BICYCLING next suggested itself, and I bought a "wheel." But bicycling in New York is not as much fun as I imagine that it was in the "old days" before traffic became so complicated, and after I had been knocked over by eleven yellow taxis, one green-and-white, and one Ford (an old Ford, too) I put away what was left of my bicycle (one wheel, two pedals, and a bit of chain) and, as a matter of fact, have not thought much about it since.

Nor is "walking" what is used to be.



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The trouble with walking is that you ought to be walking toward some goal—you ought to have some objective—and in New York the easiest and most obvious objective for any walk seems now to be a "speak-easy," which, over a course of time, is apt to neutralize any beneficent effects of the walk itself. I may be wrong about this, but I know that in my own case my walks seemed somehow to always end at a certain place on West 49th Street called "Tony's," which was a nice place but of no particular help in my struggle against the "bulge."

One friend, when consulted about my problem, suggested "gardening." Well, we happen to live on the twelfth floor of a fifteen-story building, and on the twelfth floor the gardening prospects are not so bright. He then offered me the use of *his* garden to exercise in, and offered to throw in the lawn-mowing and rug-beating privileges to boot, but I declined. Another friend informed me that hunting and mountain climbing were the two ways in which he kept "fit," but there, again, a New Yorker who wishes to indulge in those two forms of exercise in his city is faced with certain difficulties which are well-nigh insuperable. So, bit by bit, the realization was brought home to me that whatever form of exercise I might care to indulge in must inevitably be what is known as "indoor" exercise, and so I set to work to discover some sort of game or physical exertion which could be enjoyed on the twelfth floor.

Boxing? No. There were complaints from the floor below, and, besides, the only person I could get to box with (outside of my wife, who really didn't enjoy it very much) was our Filipino cook, who, I discovered in our very first match, had been the lightweight champion of the Pacific fleet, and the point of my jaw was very sore for the rest of the week. Wrestling? Pretty much the same objections as to boxing. Water polo? Impossible, even with a large bath-tub. Bridge? Not really enough exercise to help much.

I finally decided to narrow the thing down to a few simple "ten-minute" exercises, which should, however, be "fun" to do. In other words, instead of just lying on my back and raising my toes twenty times above my head, I wanted to find some way of doing that same thing in an interesting manner, so that I would enjoy it in the same way I would enjoy watching a ball game or smoking a good cigar. I will admit that the problem was a fairly difficult one, and I won't say that I have entirely solved it (as a matter of fact, I'm afraid I *have* sort of neglected my exercises this past month), but I will put down a few of my more successful efforts along that line, in the hope that they may be of assistance to others who have found themselves in the same plight.

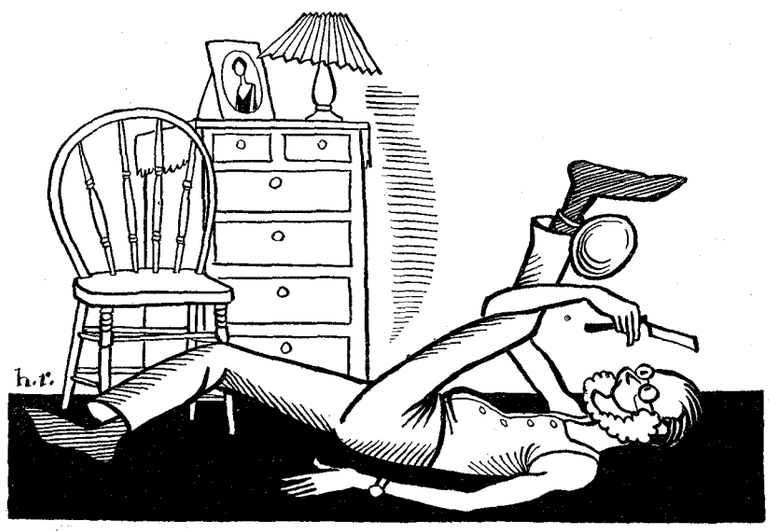
No. 1, The "Shaving" Exercise.—Lather the face well with any of the better brands of soap. Take the razor in the right hand, and lie flat on the back. Attach the mirror to the left ankle, and at the count of "one" bring the left leg back sharply so that the mirror is above the face. At the count of "two" begin to shave.

This exercise, which is really more for men than women, goes very well with music, preferably a lively march.

No. 2, "Discharging the Cook."—Ask the cook to come into your room. When she arrives place the hands on hips and bend the knees. At the count of "one" inhale and rise on tiptoes. At "two" exhale, at the same time saying to the cook, "You're discharged." At "three" raise the right leg smartly, and at "four" resume the bending position.

No. 3, "Tomato Soup."—Procure some tomato soup. Assume a crouching position in front of it, with hands at side. At the count of "one" pick up the nearest soup spoon and fill it with soup. At "two" inhale. This also goes well with music.

Those, of course, are only a few of my exercises, and, as I have said, they are not a complete solution of the apartment-house problem. But they have helped, and, like the Scotchman's kilt, they are "better than nothing." And perhaps, as I have suggested, some Presidential candidate will come forward this summer and lead us poor apartment-house dwellers out of the valley. I, for one, certainly hope so. My "bulge" is getting pretty serious.



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# The Amateur Spirit in Sport

*By* HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

With this issue Mr. Reed begins his weekly commentary on sports and sportsmen. He is a distinguished member of that small group of writers who know, despite the ballyhoo of the promoters and their camp followers, that the sport of "this country stands or falls by its amateur spirit." He will have a good deal to say about that phase of a great American activity.

IN a land that takes, not merely its institutions, but its new undertakings in a large and serious but at the same time exuberant way, it is not surprising to find a growing and superficial mass feeling that excellence in sport of almost any kind is a sufficient objective in itself, especially if it yields ample returns in the way of revenue. America, it seems, must have heroes afield, and well-paid heroes. The progress has been too rapid to take note of some of the wreckage along the way, the heartbreak of those who, having reached the peak of public favor, suddenly sink out of sight, "burnt out" by the demands of insatiable promoters. In athletics, as in other enterprises, we sometimes run blindly past certain unmistakable signals. Victory at any price is the cry in some quarters, and this naturally leads to the charge of commercialism in athletics.

There was a time when the sheep and the goats could be easily separated, but that is becoming exceedingly difficult. The professional promoter is abroad in the land, more brazen in his manifestations than at any time in the past, and wearing a cloak of respectability that is entirely modern and woven largely through clever publicity and exploitation of games that were designed as pastimes and have too often degenerated into shows. The public hunger for entertainment must be appeased; and there is enormous profit in appeasing it. The goats have been brought out to run with the sheep, and the sheep have been capitalized in the interest of the goats, and there are plenty of wolves running with both of them. It is small wonder, then, that so far as the colleges are concerned the athletic sheep are being more carefully herded than ever before, that the professional coaches who handle the young athletes at an impressionable age are more carefully looked over than ever before, and that they themselves for their own protection have organized to maintain the dignity of their position in the educational scheme.

There is, to my certain knowledge, however, a vast mute army of sport followers made up both of players and spectators still able to distinguish between the sheep and the goats, vastly interested in the technique of their favorite games, and devoted to the amateur ideal. This army does not quibble over technicalities—these are left to the governing bodies—but is generous in its applause and support of good play and good sportsmanship. And it knows a professional sportsman, too, when it sees one. For sportsmanship is a thing of the spirit, and no amount of rules can make it anything else.

From my own personal knowledge, based on an experience of considerably more than a quarter of a century, I know that there are more good sportsmen in the undergraduate ranks of our colleges and universities today than at any other period in the history of athletics. I could give many instances, but one will suffice. In a certain football game not so long ago a famous college player stood out so far above his fellows that he was a mark for the defending tacklers. One of these hit him so hard upon one occasion as to shake him up severely even after his forward progress was stopped to a certainty. The runner shook himself together and, with a smile, said to the rough tackler, "Steady, old man—it's a game, you know." There was instant apology, and play went on, fiercely enough, for football is meant to be rough, but cleanly and generously. That I know to be the temper of the college youth of today. It is not the modern player who objects to protective rulings, but certain of the old-timers.

Last year the football rule-makers made it impossible for a muffed kick to cost a football game. They were almost unanimously sat upon by the newspaper critics. Yet the experienced men who sat on that committee were determined to face any storm of criticism rather than have one boy's college and subsequent career ruined by a mishap. The punishment was too great for the crime.

Now the reason that so many of these newspaper critics were so severe was that they had too much of the background of professional sport, so-called—were of what might be called the "Madison Square Garden school." The publicists of professional shows built around athletics have been able in the public prints to hook the sheep and the goats together by manufactured synonym and metaphor. A college star, even a golf or tennis player, is too often reported in action in terms of Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, or Gene Tunney. In the winter-time a single alleged 300-yard golf drive by Tunney—and I say "alleged" advisedly—gets more space than a small and decent amateur tournament. And yet the average golfer cares not a hang what Tunney does at golf. It is, incidentally, much to the credit of Yale's Shakespeare class that it showed no signs of being carried away by Mr. Tunney's remarks on the Bard of Avon.

As for the open and aboveboard followers of the prize ring, they frequently have something quite picturesque to say about the "manly art of self-defense." They contend that there is too much defense for the price of the ringside seat, which is $27.50 or thereabouts. Their characterization of Tunney's golf and Shakespeare is simple and succinct: "Boloney." And it is beginning to look as if some of the purveyors of "boloney" were glutting the market.

Men who have at heart the lessons to be taught by team-work in college sport resent the overpraise of "stars." The men who have made these stars possible, hard-working and obscure "clear-out" backs or wide-swinging, interfering guards in football, seldom have their day in the spot-light. That extremely important personage in an eight-oared shell, the No. 7, who is really stroking one side of the boat, is obscured by the winning performance of the stroke oar, and the little coxswain, the indispensable and all-important ninth man in the shell, is hardly noticed at all. This is usually corrected by word-of-mouth criticism among the undergraduates themselves,



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and by the properly apportioned praise of the coach.

There was a much harassed but this time very happy football coach in the Middle West last season. His name is Robert C. Zuppke, and it was he who brought out "Red" Grange, only to have that young man enticed away from the academic shades of the University of Illinois by the famous "Cash and Carry" Pyle, one of the most pestiferous of the professional promoters. He rejoiced last season in the possession of a team without a star, and that team brought home the Conference championship. This meant gorgeous coaching and the apotheosis of team spirit.

Now that T. A. D. Jones, of Yale, has won his long battle at New Haven against a certain group that had been after his scalp because he was not producing enough victories, the atmosphere has been cleared up considerably. It does not follow, however, that *all* the noisy "Old Grads" are to be condemned without a hearing. There is among them—and this applies to every institution—a reasonably large and intelligent group that knows technical football thoroughly, and that simply demands of the coach that the students receive as expert instruction as they get in chemical laboratory or any classroom. No good coach has any fear of this group. The astute Percy Haughton in his day coached not only his team and his assistant coaches, but both graduate and undergraduate bodies as well. This is getting to be increasingly the practice, and a good one it is.

I HAVE been told many times that not more than ten per cent of the crowds at an athletic event really understood the technique of the sport they were witnessing. It may have been so in the past, but it is certainly no longer the case, and for this we have the coaches and the coaching schools to thank. These coaching schools have spread the theory and practice of the game through thousands of high and even preparatory schools. It is not uncommon to find a small boy picking the plays as craftily and soundly as the quarterback on the field. In football, of course, the spectator misses a great deal by invariably following the progress of the ball. He can readily correct that by neglecting the ball for a time and watching the line and the interference. Incidentally, let me recommend the seat behind the goal-post now and then. Some of the play, of course, will be far off, but such of it as does approach the spectator will be illuminating enough to give any 40-yard-line crank a brand-new thrill. He will at the same time make a lasting friend of the graduate manager who knows that in most of our stadia the only poor seats are on the side-lines.

Indeed one of the best and most promising features of amateur sport today is the increasing knowledge of the technique displayed by the spectator. This is especially important in golf, in which there is a moving "gallery" of ten thousand or more. The caliber of the crowd can be told by the ease with which this gallery is handled. It is human to applaud prematurely. If we had an opera house full of musicians, it would not happen. In due time it will not happen at a golf or tennis tournament. At a professional baseball match you may do anything you like. The players are hired to take it. They are hired to take both praise and criticism. But there are times when even they do not like to be called "You big bum!"

It is a great feather in the cap of amateur sport that the sheep do not as a rule attract the professional gambler. He has tried to break in, but, in the first place, his "dope" is usually unsatisfactory, and, in the second place, he is quite easily spotted. There was a time when in the football season a small group of gamblers used to follow certain teams. They soon became discouraged, however, for real "tips" were not to be had. And that does not mean that there was no such thing as a real tip. We hear a great deal about "upsets" every fall. But there are really very few of them. Simply the "inside dope" is hard to get, and it is not on tap for the gamblers, in any event. Before the Army-Notre Dame game last fall there were at least two sports writers who knew to a practical certainty that West Point would win, and win decisively. If they had tipped off a few professional gamblers, there would have been a "clean-up" in it for them. But I do not think either of them was even tempted. One of them, I believe, won a dinner from a friend, and that was all that came of it. So in amateur sport the professional gamblers find the picking difficult, practically impossible.

Our much-vaunted professional baseball, unfortunately, has been made a bigger betting proposition than horse-racing ever was—a bigger and a meaner one, for the agents of the baseball pools have been known to welch with disgusting frequency. The fact that the figures in the Clearing-House statement also involuntarily serve a gambling ring does not help the baseball situation. So long as it is known that the baseball figures form the basis of a betting pool the game will be under suspicion, despite all that Commissioner Landis can do to keep it in the straight and narrow path.

It is interesting to note also that there is an organized baseball ballyhoo. One hears little of the fact that in many sections of the West and Middle West there are schools which have no baseball team at all, but many basket-ball teams. The country's total basket-ball attendance—figures for an all-year-round game—would undoubtedly swamp the figures of the baseball turnstiles. Incidentally, there are no dull moments in basket-ball, and as a body and brain builder it is well out in front. In this sport there seems to be plenty of room for both amateur and professional.

WHEN we come to rowing, we find a sport that is undoubtedly the cleanest of all. It is too tough an assignment for the hired man. This might well be considered strange when it is remembered that it was founded in this country by professionals, whose names will live long after they are dead—Courtney, the Wards, the Ten Eycks, Bob Cook, Hosmer, Hanlan, Plaisted, Glendon, Gaudaur, and a host of others. But when these men turned to coaching the colleges, professional rowing died a natural death. It might be supposed that the professional rowing coach would be devoted solely to the idea of victory. Yet it is not so. He wants his share, but in these days there is no one instructor who can hope to dominate the river. Generously and capably the older coaches are bringing along the young men who must take up the burden where they leave off in as highly technical a form of sport as there is anywhere in the world. And these men are as proud of building up the finest type of athlete as they are of turning out winning crews.

Right here I want to mention two men who, though themselves professionals, are sticklers for the purest amateurism, and who have given more to the oarsmen they are teaching than could ever be represented by a money return. You will see little notice of them in print. One is Johnny Schulz, now an assistant coach at Princeton, the other William Mehrhoff, coach of the New York Athletic Club oarsmen. For a purer pair of practical altruists one would search far and wide. Schulz spent years of his life without reward attempting to establish schoolboy rowing in and around New

(*Please turn to continuation, page 189*)



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# Education by "Utilities"

## A Personal Letter from Washington

*By* DIXON MERRITT

MY very youngster, eighteen months old, knows that if he pushes a switch the light will come on. Doting parent that I am, I did not think this particularly remarkable until I found that the average American citizen knows no more than this baby about electricity or public utilities in general. The Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association made me wise to that (if it is) fact. It is the ground on which they defend the remarkable actions in process of revelation by the Federal Trade Commission, investigating public utilities. The American public knew only so much about utilities as would enable it to turn a switch. So utilities, in self-defense, had to and did educate the public.

Utilities are efficient educators. The Federal Trade Commission hearings have been in progress since about the middle of April. In thirty days they have found thirty-eight Committees on Public Utilities Information at work in the States. These committees have scrutinized the text-books in use in the schools, marked for deletion all passages which might inculcate a conception of utilities different from that which the utilities themselves have, and substituted so far as possible—which is fairly far—texts designed to inculcate the utilities' conception of utilities.

The head of one of these committees in a Middle Western State testified that his committee and other utilities forces had brought about the removal of certain text-books because those books presented arguments for Government ownership. The books substituted presented exclusively, he admitted, arguments for private ownership. These latter he regarded as fair—because the theory of private ownership is the right theory.

This is a fairly typical bit of testimony.

The gaps caused by the removal of books from the schools have nowhere been left unfilled. Other books, written mainly by university professors, have been made available. The central committee of the utilities did, it appears from the testimony, pay an "initial fee" of $5,000 to a Washington magazine writer and public school official, Ernest Greenwood, to write "Aladdin, U. S. A." But most of the new books bore no such marks. In several cases professors received subsidies, bonuses, gratuities, honorariums, or whatever the name may be, in connection with the writing of books bearing the purely professorial stamp.

The effort has not been directed wholly toward the education of the rising generation. It is in evidence that a former United States Ambassador, Richard Washburn Child, who sometimes writes for periodicals, was financially helped along; and that a Washington newspaper correspondent, Bart Campbell, received a stipend of $150 a month. These expenditures were for research, but for the reaching of the adult rather than the juvenile opinion.

What appears to have been one of the most widely used methods of reaching adults was the careful coaching of women speakers in position to make themselves heard in clubs and elsewhere. And one of the avowed purposes of the work with school-children was to reach, through them, parents who could not be reached directly.

There is another class of pupils in this utilities school—Congress. Testimony has revealed the fact that the Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association maintains in Washington a very extensive organization. Amounts paid as salaries to various men and in other ways are in the record. They appear to total about a million dollars a year. The purpose of this organization—the sort of organization that is commonly called a lobby—was frankly stated to be that of representing the utilities companies on all matters pending before Congress.

Among these matters have been, for eight years or more, Muscle Shoals and, for half that number of years, Boulder Dam, the one a tremendous power plant already constructed on the Tennessee River, the other an equally tremendous power plant proposed for construction on the Colorado River.

The utilities have not favored the construction of the dam in Boulder Canyon. They have not favored most of the plans that Congress has considered for the operation of Muscle Shoals.

Both houses of Congress have just passed bills providing for outright Government operation of Muscle Shoals. No one of the measures that the utilities opposed at other sessions was so objectionable to them as this. Boulder Dam is still in the balance, but the utilities appear not quite heavy enough to hold their end down.

Less has been said in the daily papers about this investigation than ever was said about any other one of comparable importance. It was Senator Walsh, of Montana, who directly brought it about. He wanted it made by a committee of the Senate. But the utilities and others wanted it, if it had to be at all, conducted by the Federal Trade Commission. Walsh got the investigation, but not where he wanted it.

When the duty was wished on the Federal Trade Commission, most of the correspondents dismissed the matter from their minds. There would be no investigation, they thought, worthy of the name. Even after the Commission began to bring out interesting, even startling facts, many correspondents could not bring themselves to believe that anything was going on down there.

As the proceedings warmed up, a few of the papers managed to get men on the job, but it has continued to be a very poorly covered "story." What other deterring influence there may be, if any, remains to be seen—or not to be seen. Publicity is the main weapon with which Congress provided the Federal Trade Commission in the organic act. It, of all agencies of the Government, should be able to command it. The Commission has sometimes seemed not to seek it.

The complete frankness of the utilities witnesses deserved better in the way of public attention. The more startling the story they had to tell, the more willing they appeared to tell it. So far as superficial appearances go, there has been no effort at concealment or evasion.

"Utilities" apparently have thought that they were in a fight for their lives. If the defensive methods used have not been always nice, they have been necessary—from the utilities point of view.

"Utilities" stand revealed as constituting the biggest thing in our business life, a giant bidding for the future. "Trying to put a mortgage on posterity," an enemy would say. "Saving Americans from Communism," friends say.

In either event, railroads and oil and all of the big, old things are, for the time being, dwarfed. Power is America's problem of the immediate future.



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# Youth's Questionnaire

## Submitted to the Older Generation by the Intelligent Flapper and Her Boy Friends

*By* DON MARQUIS

Drawing by Clarence Day

WE young people understand that we shock you elderly people by our candid disregard of established institutions which you revere; and the first and most general question is: *What good reason can you give why you should not be shocked out of your complacence?*

Why should we take seriously a generation of adults whose combined wisdom the world over allowed the world to drift into what it became in 1914–18, and what it has been since?

Should we revere the traditions of the so-called civilization that destroyed between ten and fifteen millions of men on the battlefields in that period, and directly and indirectly caused suffering and death to other millions uncounted?

Should we profess admiration for the intellects that now control the world—or the governing classes who have learned so little from that frightful catastrophe that the world is still an armed camp, engaged at the present moment in perfecting military engines many times more destructive than those used in the late war?

Should we feel grateful to the generations that have saddled us with such enormous debts and taxes as a result of that war that, in America alone, more than two-thirds of the aggregate revenues collected by the Federal Government must be applied to liquidating the costs of past wars and present armaments?

Are we to be guided, unquestioningly and with infantile docility, by the moral notions of the precedent generations who have made this planet the place it is? Must we put from us the thought that either there is something inherently wrong with their religious systems or else something lacking in the manner in which they have been practiced?

Are the young people of America, who are every day criticised for their manners and morals, asked to revere, worship, and imitate the mental processes which have resulted in the general lawlessness now prevalent in the United States?

Are we to give three cheers for the elder generation's example to us in the matter of alcoholic liquor?

Are we to admire the social tone of a generation which makes the sale of liquor illegal, and then decrees that it is the "smart thing" to drink liquor at home and in the speak-easies and night clubs?

Where in the world could we have got our ideas from concerning the relations between the two well-known sexes? Can members of the precedent generations hazard a guess?

Do you really want us to be guided by all your traditions and your actions—your traditions that you criticise us for deserting?

Or do you want us to be better than you are?

If we are to be better than you are, how are we to fall in with the ideas that made the world what we found it when we emerged into adolescence?

Or is the frightful load that you have piled upon us—inherited ideas, financial burdens, physical appetites, moral viewpoints, social standards—your cynical and ironical way of saying that you expect us to be worse than you are?

If we are to be rebuked for our levity, is it fair to ask you what other quality you have left us to go on with?

Would you mind cataloguing the outstanding traits in your generations which you believe should claim our adoration?

Are you always capable of distinguishing impertinence from the utmost pertinence in the questions which the younger generation now and then ask you, by way of rejoinder to your somewhat general criticism? Can you think over these questions without impatience or anger?

You didn't know what you were doing when you let the world gravitate into its condition of the last ten years—you didn't mean to do it, did you? But is that any reason why we should look up to you for competent mental guidance?

Would you mind very much if we tried to bring up your grandchildren, and our children (if we decide to have any), somewhat differently? Or would you grump about a still further departure from your blessed traditions?

What, all things considered, is it that you are proudest about in yourselves, and in us, your children, and in your world to which you introduced us?



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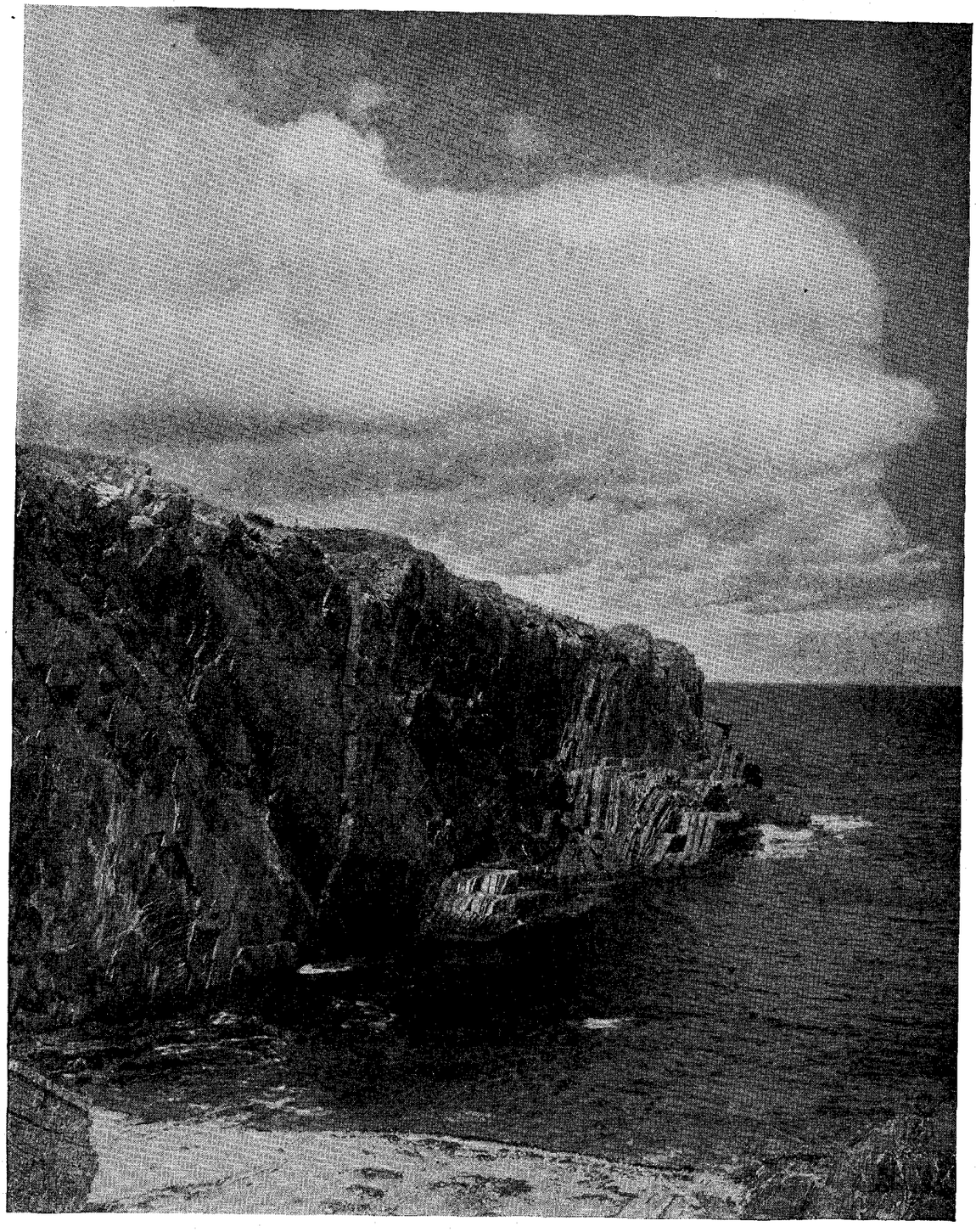
# The Call of the Wilds



Bald Head Cliff, York, Maine

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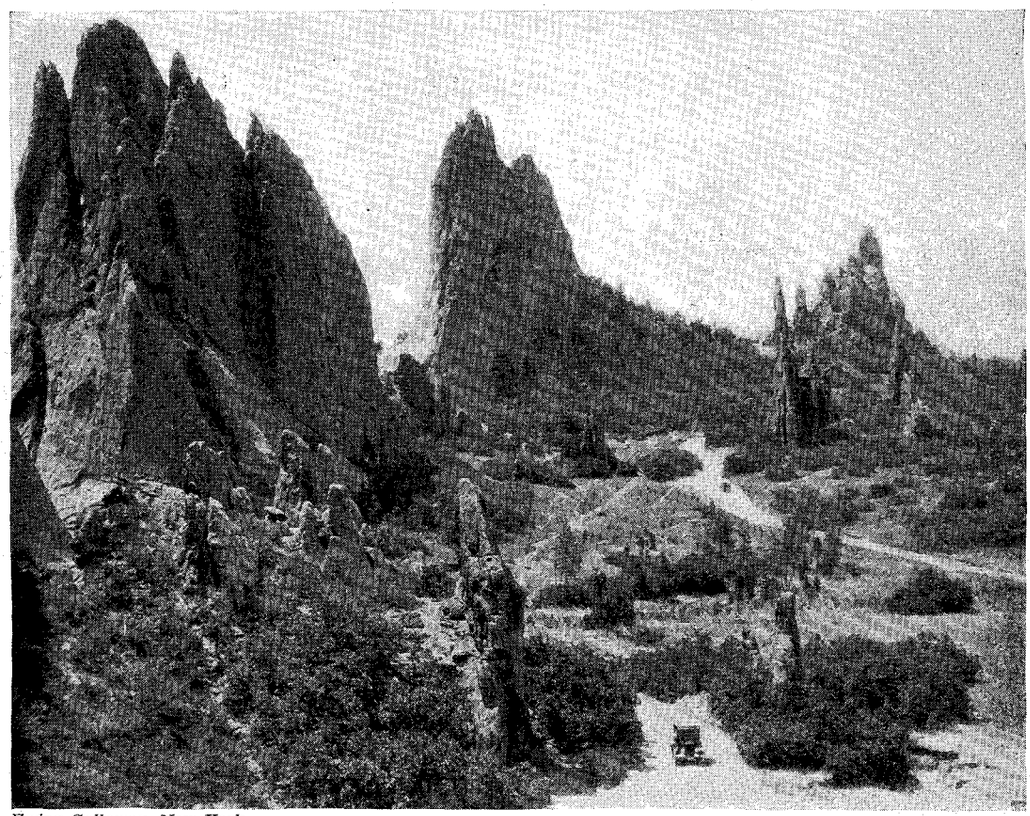

Ewing Galloway, New York

**The Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs**

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

**Sunrise over Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks**

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Underwood & Underwood

**Lunch time in the North woods**

Ewing Galloway, New York

**Sunset at the Golden Gate**

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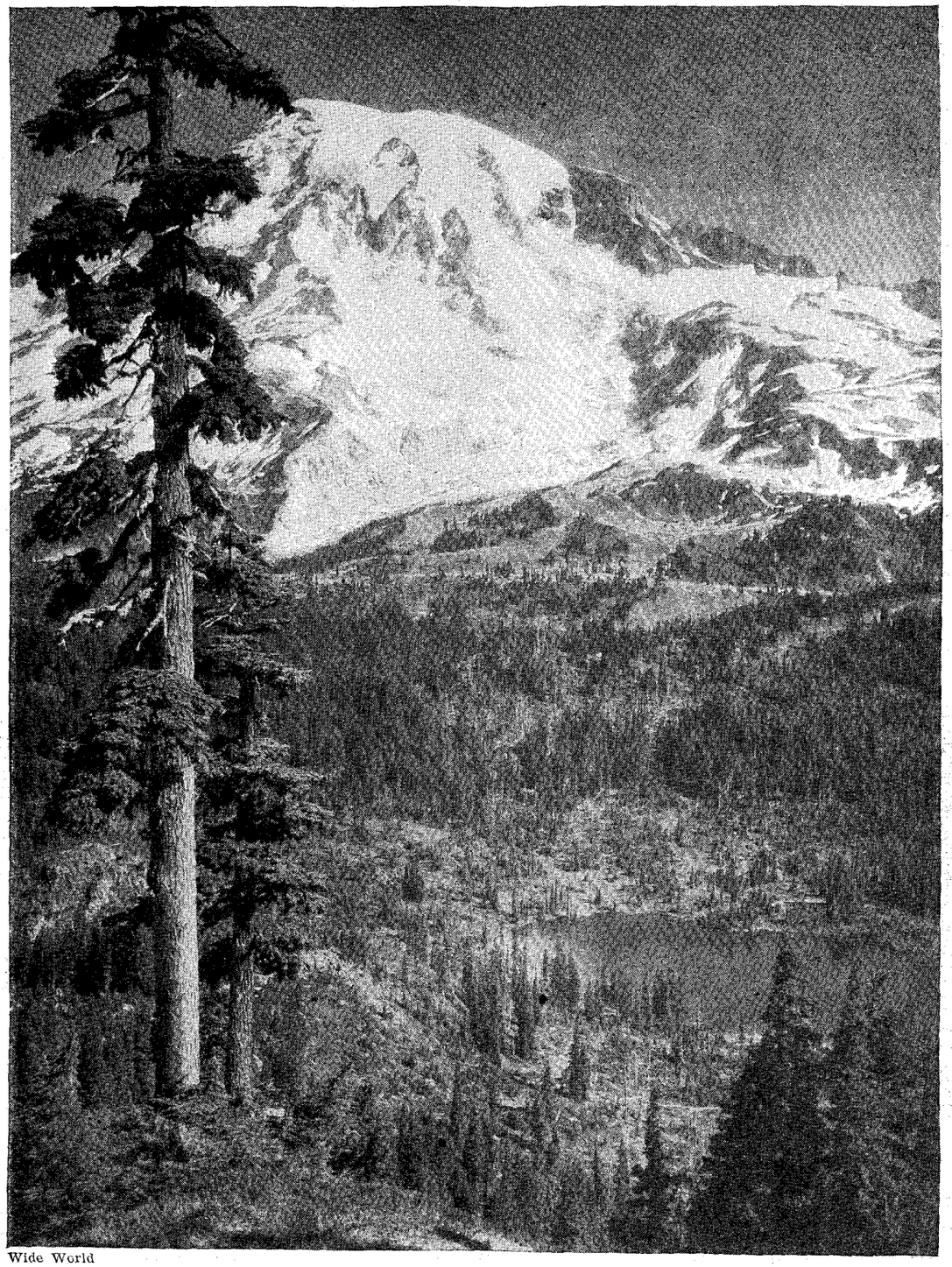

Wide World

A view of Mount Rainier from the Tatoosh Range, Rainier National Park, overlooking Reflection Lake and Paradise Valley

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# Catch Your Yachtsmen Young

*By* HAROLD T. PULSIFER

WHEN the last forest is felled, the last mountain crowned with a chaplet of empty cans, the last vistas blotted out with billboards, and when the last trout has risen to the last fly, there will still remain the unchanging and challenging sea. And men who hunger to cross swords with the elementals, and men joying in primitive conflict with the gods their fathers knew, will still be faring forth on the wine-dark seas of Homer in search of that eternal goal that is forever lost in the attaining.

Freight your argosies, if you will, with all the paraphernalia of a mechanistic age, give over sails for Diesels and your helms to Metal Mikes and let radio make vocal even the silent heavens—yet much of the old wonder of the way of a ship upon the sea will still endure. While the earth curves under the sky that mystic circle that can never be crossed by any prow will still stand as the symbol of the great search that has made mankind a worthy foeman of the gods.

The lure of great waters exists even in the microcosm of a duck pond. Give a boy a punt and a pole and let him voyage forth among the rustling cattails, and you will see in his eyes something of that wonder and delight in high adventure, something of that spirit that guided Columbus across the uncharted Atlantic. Give him a skiff to sail in the protected reaches of a sheltered harbor, and you will have launched a new Magellan. And when at last, with a sensitive hand upon the helm, with glances ranging from truck to horizon to catch the intentions of the wind, he feels the first lift of the sea under his prow as the headland is cleared, you will know that you have endowed his spirit with a power that is enduring and a joy that will last while there is breath in his body and blood in his veins. Transport him then, if you will, to the wide-spreading prairies or the lofty peaks of great mountains. In his heart there will always remain a hunger for open water and a flaming memory that cannot be quenched.

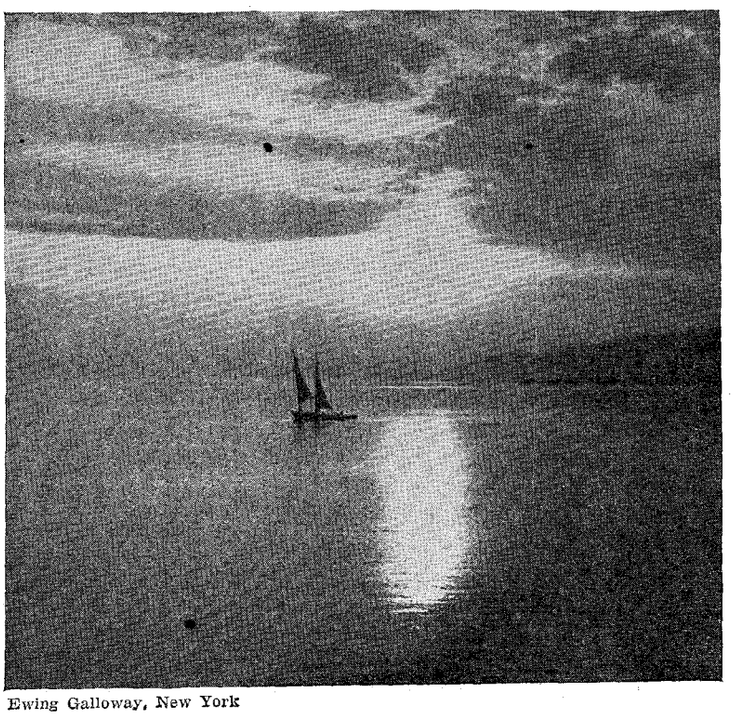
The growing fleets that dot our lakes, our sounds and bays, are proof that Americans are coming to a realization that the waters are, after all, the greatest recreation ground of mankind. And when I speak of "recreation" I divide it into two divisions, so that the first means "again" and the second refers to the subject of the early chapters of Genesis.

THE hopeful thing in the present drift towards the waters is that yachting is becoming less and less a matter of social prestige and more and more a fundamental satisfaction. In some of its forms it can be enjoyed by any one with enough of this world's goods to possess even the humblest of cars. Those with longer purses are yearly manifesting an awakening desire to understand the intricacies, the traditions, and the art of the sport to which they give their allegiance. There are amateur designers of yachts who can give the best of professionals something to think about. Millionaires capable of navigating their own vessels around the world and a growing host of younger men capable of commanding a schooner in an ocean race or of piloting a cruiser along the coast of Labrador are to be found in increasing numbers upon the roster of American yachtsmen. The names of those who can handle without professional help the smaller racing yachts is already legion.

The growth in yachting and in the number of its devotees is sure proof that Americans have not wholly given themselves over to standardized living. For even if standardization is bringing the possession of crafts of various kinds to a widening group of men and women, the lure of the waters is not one which appeals to a standardized soul. The young lady in "Punch" who said to her fiancé, "George, dear, don't you think that after you've seen one wave you've seen them all?" was never destined to the command of even a rowboat. I suspect, too, that she was never destined to occupy even the commanding position of a yachtsman's wife.

A yachtsman, no matter what his purse or his prospects, should be caught young and trained first of all in the school of small-boat sailing. Then only can seamanship become second nature; then only can the instinct be trained to do without thinking what must be done when there is no time to think. When split seconds mean safety or victory, the mind that has formed in its youth the proper association between emergencies and actions will be the best mind at the helm. The sea can be an ungentle teacher, exacting a hard penalty for disobedience to its laws. It is also a great teacher which can train its followers to a self-reliance which can be learned nowhere better than under its tutelage.

If your children have any fairy godmothers, ask them to grant your children neither riches nor beauty; ask first of all that your children be permitted to go to school to the sea.



Ewing Galloway, New York



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# Miniatures from the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## Guilt

WHEN the Great War was ended in 1918, Germany was full of foreigners. There were American foreigners, French foreigners, English foreigners, and many others. The prison camps were full of them. Now they were released, and allowed to go home.

Among these survivors of devastation was a bewildered Russian soldier. Home was a long way off, farther perhaps than heaven or oblivion. Here was Germany, a strange land, but not so strange as that blackened horror rumor told him was Russia. Where should he go, and by what means? Germany was no longer an enemy country. These people were liberal in their thinking, and managed their revolutions with not so much trouble. The Russian prisoner settled down in Germany. This now was his home.

It was not long before he had found more than a home. There was an affair of the heart that troubled him mightily for a while, and then was over and done with; a mistake for two people, better recognized and admitted, with no hard feelings on either side. There had been no marriage; in the end neither wanted marriage. There was a child, a little boy; but no complications need arise from that. According to the new German laws, the Russian father paid alimony for his illegitimate son; the mother looked after the boy, which made the arrangement complete.

When a man's life moves clearly and in the open, there are few to trouble him. But once he is touched by mystery and suspicion, even his poverty springs to accuse him. The Russian was poor. It was difficult for him to pay his alimony, but the law demanded it, and somehow the new citizen managed his part.

But from the day that his four-year-old son was found murdered there was no hope for this man. He was accused; even his difficulties accused him, his foreign birth accused him, his very origin accused him in his strange and broken speech. There was no doubt about it! This man had murdered his boy in order to avoid supporting him. And it would be interesting to know the mind to which this righteous and horrid suspicion first occurred. It spread rapidly to other minds. It gathered heat like a destroying flame among the worthy and indignant families who had their own children to think of, those good parents who reared their young in peace and virtue. The man ought to be beheaded! With such a motive, most certainly he was guilty; moreover, he was a foreigner. What further proof was wanted?

Although the Russian spoke a halting and inadequate German, the court allowed him no interpreter; and although the German League for Human Rights fought desperately in his behalf, on circumstantial evidence the Russian soldier was convicted and beheaded.

His life, after all, was of little value, except to himself. He has been dead now for two years, and there is no power anywhere or higher court that can return to him his life. He would no doubt have been only a little more bewildered had he been told at the time of his execution that he would no longer be obscure, that he was to be a martyr, and rise to prominence in the annals of German law.

For it is held in Berlin that this man's death will mean the abolishment of capital punishment for Germany, since only the other day the two murderers of the Russian prisoner's little boy confessed their guilt.

The names of these two men, their motives and their lives, are unmentioned and forgotten in despatches to the news. The only name to reach another continent is "Jakubowski . . . beheaded in 1926 . . . entirely innocent . . . victim of a grave judicial error."

## A Record

DOWN in Kentucky they learn to shoot straight and to the point. There is no creature so small or so insignificant whose honor is not worth defending by one of these armed knights of the Blue Grass.

There is a State hatchery in Kentucky where trout are granted a taste of Elysia. In those clear and glittering waters, so full of innocent pleasure, it is only natural that the blest inhabitants should forget their God-given instincts for alarm. Have they not the Government behind them?

One trout has developed in these waters of bliss through the stages of egg, minnow, small fry, and parent trout. He has grown to considerable weight, but, due to his increasing sense of security and the homage given him by smaller fish, his brain has grown less remarkable every day.

Spring is well advanced in Kentucky by now. And only the other day the pompous trout was taking his airing in the bright sunshine of the South. His family and friends respected his taste for solitude; they remained modestly at a distance while the great one ascended to the air of May. Before their very eyes he made a daring leap. They waited breathlessly for his reappearance.

Meanwhile the king trout was adjusting himself to shock. Instincts, bred of generations, were slowly coming alive. Something in the depths of his sluggish mind told him that he was in the grip of the Unknown Monster which his guarded youth had flouted. Great claws pierced the scales of his body, enormous wings pounded and whirled above his head, the rarity of the atmosphere was becoming unbreathable. Below, his glazed eyes could scarcely make out the cool, diminishing glitter of home. This was destruction. He gasped, and saw that Kentucky was lost to him forever.

Suddenly, through the bright spring morning came the thunder of doom. Judgment day had arrived. With that dreadful report in his brain, the dying trout felt a new and sickening sensation. He began to fall. The claws were nowhere. The wings above him were gone. Kentucky whirled and somersaulted and stretched out its arms to receive him, and the poor fish, with a splash and shudder, found himself once more in the cool retreat of home.

The friends and relations gasped with astonishment. This was the beginning of a legend. There, swimming away, slow and solitary, was a hero. The altitude and endurance records for trout were both his. For a while at least they did not dare approach him.

One of the attendants of the hatchery looked with satisfaction from his gun to a dead fish-hawk lying at his feet. He looked again at the ripples left by the departing trout, and felt modestly pleased with his aim.



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# Sense and Some Nonsense

*By* EUGENE BONNER

THE American Orchestral Society, under the musical direction of Chalmers Clifton, gave for its final concert of the season at Mecca Hall a very interesting, not to say ambitious program.

Beginning with the Rimsky-Korsakoff "The Russian Easter," played with a fine show of enthusiasm, Mr. Clifton next gave us the "Impressions from an Artist's Life," by Ernest Schelling, with the composer himself at the piano.

This set of variations for orchestra and piano is one of the most satisfactory things Mr. Schelling has given us in the way of composition, though his "Victory Ball," that brilliant macabre thing, is perhaps more interesting as a technical *tour de force.*

We had the privilege of hearing the latter piece done by the Colonne Orchestra in Paris when it was received with hisses as well as applause. The hisses, however, had nothing to do with the musical end of the composition, but with the anti-war sentiments expressed in the poem it was founded on, La Belle France at that moment being all ready to go to war with somebody about something—the occupation of the Ruhr business most probably.

The post-graduate educational organization, as it calls itself, showed the results of the hard work and excellent training it has received at the hands of Mr. Clifton and his associates, for the Schelling work is by no means a simple affair, as any musician who has listened to it well knows.

The program concluded with a fine performance of the Strauss tone-poem "Don Juan," which brought to an end the sixth and last concert of the season.

This orchestra, which is primarily a training organization, holds a really unique position in the musical world of New York. It gives to music students who have mastered orchestral instruments the opportunity to acquire the routine and repertoire necessary to qualify them as professional symphony players. Experienced professionals are employed as teachers who both aid and instruct the less experienced members in the different sections of the orchestra. Students may become members of the Society by paying one dollar a year dues.

The organization also plans to help, whenever possible, young American composers by reading a certain number of their compositions at its rehearsals. The composer is thus enabled to make corrections or changes in his work before its public performance, an opportunity very rarely possible in the case of performances by the more professional orchestras.

**Chalmers Clifton, conductor of the American Orchestral Society**

These performances, many of them with distinguished artists as soloists, are free to the public, tickets being given away on application to the offices of the Society in Steinway Hall.

TWO concerts of "Contemporary Music" were sponsored by those two young modernists, Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, at the Edyth Totten Theatre on April 22 and May 6, respectively.

Mr. Copland is speedily coming to be recognized as one of the leading spirits in the doings of the so-called ultra-modern group in this city, not only by his compositions and lectures, but by promoting the works of other composers of the present-day school as well.

The first concert brought forward a Sonata for Violin and Piano by Theodore Chanler which showed good musicianship and not a little ingenuity, Three Pieces for Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon by Walter Piston, a Sonata for Piano, and Three Sonatinas by Carlos Chavez, and Five Phrases from "The Song of Solomon" by Virgil Thomson.

The "Three Pieces" by Walter Piston were delightful, whimsical things, beautifully done. The numbers by Mr. Chavez seemed to be utterly without form or direction, besides being far from pleasing to listen to; perhaps a second hearing might reveal hidden beauties, but it is highly doubtful.

In the "Five Phrases from 'The Song of Solomon'" Virgil Thomson gave us something quite fresh and unhackneyed, which one can be thankful for these days. An atmosphere of the Orient was adroitly captured for the few moments these "phrases" lasted.

THE program of the second concert of this series brought forth works of Robert Delaney, Roger Sessions, Aaron Copland, Ruth Crawford, Adolph Weiss, D. Rudhyar, and W. Quincy Porter.

We unfortunately missed the Sonatas of Mr. Delaney and Mr. Sessions, arriving, however, in time to hear Mr. Copland's Two Pieces for String Quartet, both of which were interesting and showed his usual sound musicianship and good taste.

As for the group of piano pieces which followed, we can, unfortunately, find nothing good to say about them without perjuring at least one immortal soul. They seemed quite meaningless, very difficult to play, and sounded like a cat that had got loose on the piano keys—a much-perturbed cat.

The Quintet for Piano and Strings by Mr. Porter, which concluded this concert, was well conceived, well written, and showed he knew what he was trying to say.

Being quite in sympathy with the modernists, we regretfully have to admit that fully nine-tenths of the stuff put forward nowadays purporting to be the "new music" is just so much bilge. Which is a great pity, as the road of the serious, well-trained composer is hard enough these days without having his chances of success prejudiced by the meandering piffle of half-baked students who have yet to master their musical grammar!



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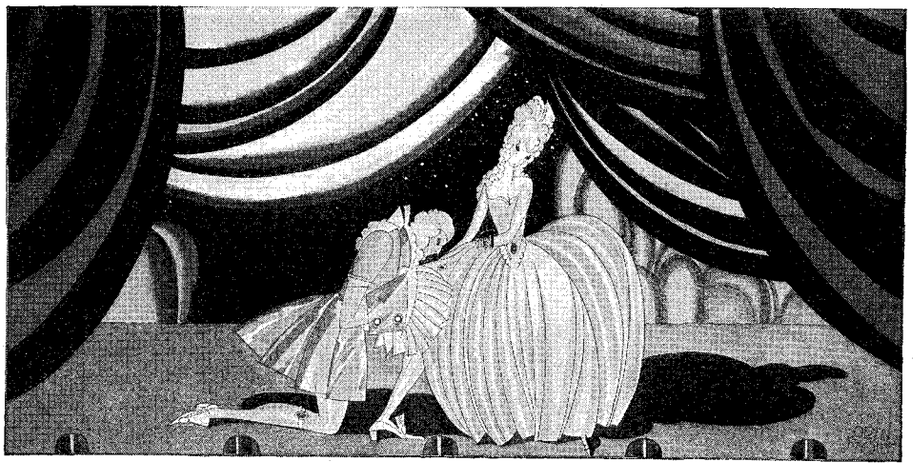
# Summer Shows and Revivals



THERE was a time, in the days of Savoy and Brennen, when it was possible to see the incandescent letters which proclaimed "The Greenwich Village Follies," and enter the theatre with pleasant anticipations which were usually fulfilled. Alas, no more! Knowing how far and wide a predatory show like the "Follies" will range in this country, we thought it our duty, the other evening, to go into the Winter Garden, where the 1928 edition of this revue is holding forth, with (we quote) a world-famed cast of stars and sixteen Chester Hale Girls, Ralph Reader's Greenwich Village Girls, and Arnold Johnson's orchestra.

It was not long before a certain gloom settled upon us. The signs of the good old Winter Garden productions were so evident that we turned hastily to the program to see if the old producers of the "Follies" had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Well, we don't know about that. But the present edition is staged by Mr. Huffman, and was written by Mr. Atterridge, and is being played in a Shubert theatre.

This is not to say that it isn't any good at all. It has some excellent things in it. First, in our estimation, is George Rockwell and his intimate talks with the audience, and his endeavors to explain the show as it goes along. Memories of Ed Wynn came to us at times, but, mostly, Dr. Rockwell is completely original and exceedingly funny. And the sketches are not bad, although most of them are made entirely for New Yorkers, the majority of them being take-offs on current Broadway plays such as "The Silent House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Just one of them has what we would call universal appeal. This is an evening with the radio. Done on a dark stage, with merely a radio set in the spot-light, and coming from the darkened stage that unearthly, discordant mixture which can be secured from the air—everything from a bedtime story to wavering, uncertain grand opera in Chicago—this gave the audience the pleasantest moment during the evening.

Beyond this, the "Follies" is merely another Shubert show, with all the good old living statues, expensive settings, extreme vulgarity, and precious little artistic imagination.

In fact, we fear this will end it, so far as a real "Follies" is concerned. From now on it's going to be a high-class burlesque show.

LEW FIELDS, in our estimation, does much better. In his new show, "Present Arms," he finds it hard to get away from the old-style chorus work with its gymnastic exercises, but the whole production has an air of humor, and romance, and "go" which adds very much to the intrinsic ability of the play itself to amuse. In fact, we should say that "Present Arms," although it could be considerably better in many ways, is our third choice for a summer musical comedy, providing that "Show Boat" and "Funny Face" stay in town during the dog days.

You may have some moments of despair during the first scenes when you realize that it's going to be a story about the Marines and Hawaii, and that it has a deserted island in it. But there aren't any grass clothes, and the Marines don't talk about the war, and the poor old moon gets a rest, and no island beauty seduces the hero away from his Fifth Avenue lady love. The obvious thing is pretty well avoided and there are some pleasant surprises. And, in particular, two or three of the melodies will haunt you for some time.

They would be better, of course, if some one could sing them. Because, as it is, you worry a good deal about the principals whenever they have to sing, it being a foregone conclusion that somebody is going to miss, and you feel it's going to be a bad crack too; with the result that you're a little bit on edge.

There are some excellent scenes, however, which are almost ideal in their combination of romantic and dramatic setting, and humorous dialogue by absurd characters. Do we need to say that the plot concerns a Marine who has to pretend to be a Captain in order to keep up his love affair with a daughter of a noble English planter, and that he is unmasked at a ball and so ruined with the lady that it takes a shipwreck to drag him back into her good graces? Yes, that's it. There isn't anything startling about it. But we had one very pleasant moment when the angry lady and the Marine in the storm carried on their conversation entirely through the third party on the raft, who was a very hard-boiled gentleman who had no idea of what it was all about. If only Lew Fields himself were in the show, it would be a knock-out. As it is, while it's good, there isn't anybody with a personality striking enough to raise the performance above the level of a very entertaining musical comedy.

MEANWHILE, the season of revivals is upon us, as is evidenced by Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with its all star cast, Sardou's "Diplomacy," with another all star cast, and the coming production by "The Players" of Farquhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem," another old favorite. The actors in such productions as these could make anything worth seeing, as a brief glance at the names shows. And the visitor to New York who only has one evening to spend, and is not particularly sure of what show he wants to see, would probably derive a more enduring satisfaction from any one of them than from most of the current offerings of our modern writers.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.



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# The Movies

*By* A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Chester Conklin
in
### "The Big Noise"

IT'S a curious sort of garment they have wrapped around that simple son of nature, Chester Conklin, for his current screen appearance, but it sets off his inevitable downtrodden figure to perfection. While it frequently allows vulgarity to sully its hem, the texture of it is pretty generally bright with satire and shimmering with wit. (And, thank Heaven, *that* metaphor's over with!)

In "The Big Noise" they have cast Chester Conklin as John Sloval, a subway guard, who takes his family on a spree to Coney Island and loses so much sleep that he's decidedly unfitted for subway guarding on the morning after. So lacking is he in the initiative required by his calling that the crowd pushes him (accidentally) under a train, causing injuries of a purely superficial sort.

This incident is seized upon by a daily newspaper as ammunition for the campaign of its mayoralty candidate, who opposes the traction company. John Sloval becomes the uncomprehending tool of reporters and ballyhoo men, and the dubious old firm of Press, Politics & Co. is held up to expert ridicule throughout the rest of the picture. The youthful and well-tailored candidate for mayor carries John around on his stumping tours and points to John's spurious bandages as mute evidence of the greed and brutality of John's employers. The great daily keeps its photographers and sob sisters busy with John's home life, and the general effect is interesting and amusing.

As for the several examples of bad taste in the picture, they're perhaps appropriate to the setting; but honestly—it's hard to see how the censors' minds work, sometimes!

Richard Barthelmess
in
### "Kentucky Courage"

ANOTHER attempt to duplicate the success of "Tol'able David," and a not unworthy attempt at that, is the picture which brings Richard Barthelmess to the screen barefooted, as of old, and wearing only the one suspender. The

chief difference between the two films seemed to us to lie in the contrast between the vile treatment David got and the numerous lucky breaks enjoyed by Chad Buford. "Tol'able David" throbbed with pathos and "Kentucky Courage" doesn't; but it's a well-executed, entertaining picture and provides Mr. Barthelmess with better material than any of his recent vehicles excepting "The Patent Leather Kid."

Mr. Barthelmess, it should be added, needs to watch his weight if he's going to do adolescent rôles much longer, and so does Miss Mollie O'Day. We hope they'll accept this observation in the right spirit—and cut down on potatoes.

Victor McLaglen
in
### "Hangman's House"

AN actor we greatly admire is Earle Foxe. This expert villain stalks nefariously through the screen version of Donn Byrne's totally unreadable Irish novel and does a lot toward making it a very commendable picture.

Victor McLaglen and June Collyer, Hobart Bosworth, and several well-selected minor characters also help considerably, and the photography is consistently picturesque. There is a realistic steeplechase in which several horses run straight at the camera and jump over it; the villain burns to death in a spectacular fire; and some mist effects (invented by Dr. Murnau) are tellingly employed in a number of scenes.

"Hangman's House" was tried out on the stage by those dauntless musketeers of the spoken drama, the Messrs. William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman; it enjoyed a run of some six frosty evenings, despite the fact that young Mr. Brady made a personal appearance, leading a horse. The Byrne novel itself may have appealed to some people, but we haven't happened to run across them. That the movie version is as good as it is demonstrates to the satisfaction of this reviewer that the screen can improve on stories—can improve on stage plays, and grand operas, too.

That it doesn't do so more often is regrettable, but—stick around! The infant Cinema is growing a brain.

### "The Raider 'Emden'"

A MOVING-PICTURE concern in Munich is responsible for this effort to present a companion piece to the British-made "Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands;" but, strangely enough, it does not approach that admirable film in any degree. We say "strangely enough" because one thinks of the Germans as being able to produce any kind of film and do it well, and it's a matter of record that the British cinema industry is still pecking at the eggshell. Nevertheless, this record of the sensational sea-rover Emden is grossly mishandled, whereas the less promising British subject was uncommonly well done.

The director of the German picture introduces an awful lot of propaganda into this "fair and impartial record" (something the British picture sedulously avoided) and he also drags in a clumsy plot, involving a lieutenant and his wife. The scenes are jumpy and confused and give for the most part the impression of being about ten years behind the times.

Indeed, the thought kept assailing us, as we tried to watch this picture, that it might conceivably have been made in 1915 as a propaganda film, and then (what with one thing and another) never released until now. Following, as it does, the release of the British picture, this hypothesis seems unlikely, but by no means impossible.

Anyway, the film proves that the Germans can make just as bad pictures as we can—and that's a statement that *is* a statement.



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# Tough Going for the Bond Dealer

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE bond business is not what it used to be—and the small dealers know it. They, together with other distributers, have done their work so well in the last fifteen years that their services are in greatly reduced demand. The country's staff of salesmen was increased tremendously to meet an emergency. The emergency no longer exists, and some of the salesmen sooner or later must go into other work.

Twenty years ago the underwriting and selling of bonds was concentrated in the hands of a few large bankers, with a small list of very wealthy clients—individuals, insurance companies, and savings banks. Of a $10,000,000 issue, one capitalist would take $400,000 worth, a life insurance company $300,000, and so on. The number of customers who bought as little as $10,000 worth of a single issue was negligible.

The passage of the income tax brought a drastic change. Wealthy individuals could no longer afford to buy ordinary industrial, railroad, and utility issues. They would have been forced to pay out too large a proportion of their income in taxes. Hurriedly they took refuge in tax-exempt securities. For underwriters of other issues this created a sudden emergency.

The sudden contraction of demand was not accompanied by any decrease in the supply of bonds. The number of companies which wanted to borrow was as large as ever. A new demand had to be created, a new class of customers cultivated. The search for the new customers required the enlistment of an army of salesmen. To pay their expenses it was necessary to charge fat commissions for the flotation of loans. Between 1914 and 1924 there was usually a spread of from five to eight points between what the bankers paid for a bond issue and the price at which they sold it to the public. This meant that of $10,000,000 received from the public the bankers would turn over from $9,200,000 to $9,500,000 to the borrower. The remaining $800,000 or $500,000 paid selling expenses.

During the ten years following the passage of the Income Tax Law an underwriting profit of from five to eight points was usually none too large. Most of the eligible customers were not in the habit of buying bonds, and it cost a great deal of money, in the form of advertising and salesmen's salaries, to convince them of the wisdom of so doing. Selling a $10,000 block often took much more effort than had been necessary before 1914 to sell one of $500,000. The industries, railroads, and public utilities needed the loans for expansion, and they had to pay commissions at the prevailing rate.

The selling of bonds had become a retail instead of a wholesale business. The retail distributers—the smaller dealers whose offices are scattered all through the country—increased rapidly. But there was enough business to go around, and nearly all prospered. In drumming up trade they enjoyed, during the war, the whole-hearted assistance of the Government through the Liberty Loan drives. In these drives the ablest professional salesmen and famous amateurs, such as Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, hammered home to the American people, not only the duty to buy Liberty Bonds, but also the virtues of savings and bond investments. The educational work on which the bond dealers had been spending millions a year was being done more effectively—and gratis—by the Government and its agents. The ranks of the customers swelled.

Even so, the volume of loans during and immediately after the war increased just as rapidly, perhaps more rapidly, than the customers. The supply of bonds was still larger than the demand that was being tapped, and underwriters were willing to pay large sums for the disposition of their issues. The spreads between the prices paid by the bankers and the public remained at from five to eight points.

Four or five years ago, however, demand was expanding faster than supply. In the decade previous would-be borrowers had been seeking bankers. The bond market was a buyers' market. As the pressure relaxed it was the bankers who searched for potential borrowers, sending agents all over Europe and South America as well as the United States. Men and women who had grown accustomed to the purchase of bonds were waiting to snap up anything attractive offered them; it was a sellers' market.

The inevitable result was a shrinkage of the bankers' commissions. Competition forced them down. The spreads dropped to as little as one to three points. The funds available for distribution expenses were, of course, proportionately smaller.

The need for salesmen diminished. It was no longer so necessary to search out new customers and educate them. Most of the potential buyers had been educated already. When they had enough money to buy bonds, they went to their banks and got them without waiting, as they would have done before 1914, for solicitation by a dealer's representative.

This change meant smaller profits for every one in the bond business, but it pinched particularly the small houses which had blossomed to enjoy the big distribution profits available fifteen years ago. They found, not only that their commissions were smaller, but that the number of bonds which they could obtain from the issuing houses was declining.

Today the bank officers in charge of distribution are receiving a constant flow of complaints from the dealers.

"Why did we only get fifty of such-and-such an issue? We asked for 200, and we would have sold twice that many."

The reason for the slashing of the allotments is the fact that demand is running ahead of supply. Only rarely do the dealers receive as many bonds as they want.

Most of the authorities on the subject believe that demand will continue to outstrip supply indefinitely. There will be, moreover, a steady increase in the number of intelligent buyers who neither want nor need advice from a salesman when they have funds to invest.

In any case, underwriters will still hold an important position, but what will happen to the small dealers? Obviously, many of them will have to go out of business or merge with others. With funds in such large supply as they are at present, borrowers would be foolish to pay for the flotation of loans commissions large enough to keep in business all the firms now distributing bonds.



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*By* W. R. BROOKS

THOSE who contend that American æsthetic taste, in a popular sense, has been utterly debauched by mass production might well have accompanied us to the International Exposition of Art in Industry at Macy's a few days ago. They would have been stepped on, kicked, shoved, elbowed, squeezed, and treated disrespectfully by some hundreds of good Americans who were showing a very lively interest in the development of good design in house furnishings. We ourself were knocked down and trampled on by two gentle old ladies from New Rochelle, whom we hadn't the heart to remonstrate with, so eager were they to find out what Italian artists could do in the way of designing a country living-room. Admittedly many of these people, who by long association have come to love the golden oak and lace curtains of their own homes, thought this modern furniture very funny. Nevertheless they were interested, and their minds were by no means so blind to beauty as some snooty persons would have us believe.

We overheard a girl talking. "Gee, May, looka that chair! Can you see pa sittin' in it readin' his paper with his shoes off? Ain't that table a sketch? Gosh, I'd go cuckoo livin' in a room like that! But, say, looka that rug. Ain't that swell? Gee, I'd like one of those for my room—all those soft colors. D'you suppose they cost much?"

That girl liked one thing in three. If she had been less afraid that her friend would laugh at her, she might have admitted to liking the table as well as the rug. Robert W. De Forest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who headed the committee which sponsored the Exposition, says in a foreword to the catalogue: "The normal person is keenly sensitive to his surroundings and likes to see and handle things that please him. Unfortunately, this sensitivity is often unconscious or unexpressed. Hence the manufacturer has been going unrestrainedly on his way, producing things that have become necessities because of their utility and cheapness but that nevertheless are, in form and color, an affront to man and God." Which sounds like very good sense. People would buy good-looking and well-designed things if they could get them. Macy's, and the other stores which have held such exhibitions, deserve a great deal of credit for the effort to encourage the public to demand something better than they have been getting.

As far as describing the various exhibits to you, we don't think we will try. We haven't been very successful with our descriptions of modernistic furnishings in the past. But we do feel that the Exposition should be called to your attention. If you live in, or visit New York, you should see it. If not, you will undoubtedly have increasingly frequent opportunities of seeing examples of modern art in industrial design, either in shops, department stores, or museums. And you cannot fail to be interested in them. Eventually they will find their way into your own living quarters. So you might as well know about it now, and then you can be resigned or eager, according to your temperament.

A NEW development in air travel is the air cruise of Europe which the North German Lloyd has organized. You take a plane in your home town and fly to New York, where you go aboard the ship, September 8. You visit England, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, take in the International Aeronautical Exhibition, and are back home in less than two months. The planes are large, comfortable, and luxurious. There are side-trips by air to Ireland and to Scandinavian ports. We believe that such cruises will become very popular in a few years, not because of their novelty, but because of the saving of time.

WE have hesitated to tell you about the Bulle clock because we didn't know how it worked. It will run for years without winding, without being plugged into an electric socket, and it is said to be the most accurate practical clock on the market. There is a powerful magnet inside it which keeps it going—that's all we know. It is made in a number of models, from $35 up to what have you? And it is the official timepiece of the French Government Railways.

SLAVING in your behalf the other day we got a large ink-spot on our sleeve. Somebody said try milk, so we tried milk—without result. Then we tried several other home remedies—again without result, except to make the spot look as if mortification had set in. And so we let it go for a week, until, out one evening, our hostess said: "Take off your coat. I've got something that will take it out." So we took off the coat, and she got a little white powder and put it on the spot, and then took a stiff brush and dipped it in hot water and scrubbed it around. And then she wiped it off, and lo! the ink-spot had disappeared. The powder is known as Whisk, and it is used for cleaning rugs or clothes or anything of that kind. We recommend it unreservedly.

ELECTRICAL and mechanical time and energy savers are particularly valuable, it seems to us, early in the morning. We, personally, would never have enough energy or sense early in the morning to make coffee properly, toast bread without burning it, or judge egg-boiling time exactly. But all we have to do now is turn a few switches and sit in our usual ill-tempered daze until everything is ready. For we have found the Egg-ett, a contraption about three inches high and four inches in diameter which supplements the percolator and the toastmaster. You put the egg in, add a teaspoonful of water, invert a tumbler over it, turn on the current, and in five seconds the egg is cooking by live steam and the current automatically turned off.



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## The Amateur Spirit in Sport

(Continued from page 175)

York City. There were times when he and his pupils were so poor that before getting on the river the stroke had to be taught with broomsticks, the young oarsmen sitting astride of a long bench. Thereafter Johnny was wont to beg, borrow, and all but steal some old shells from the Harlem River boat clubs. More than once he had to devise ways and means of digging up enough car-fare to get one of his crews to Derby and return for the annual Yale scholastic regatta. He has also been a great factor in establishing rowing in Cuba, where the sport is now in a flourishing condition.

"Bill" Mehrhoff is a product of the famous old Nassau Boat Club. He is willing enough to discuss with you strokes, rigging, and the like, but he is proudest of the fact that his crews weigh more at the end of a rowing season than at the beginning. He also teaches rowing privately to young men who are underweight, and equally young men who are overweight. Mehrhoff seldom breaks into the newspapers. He is only a club coach. And not very many know that he could have been head coach at any one of half a dozen of the big colleges. But Mehrhoff is a business man who, incidentally, gets to work around eight o'clock. A superb physical specimen himself, he leads a life of hard work that would appeal to few men. During the rowing season he puts in his customary eight or nine hours at his business, appears at Travers Island about five o'clock in the evening, goes out with his oarsmen, and does not reach home until ten o'clock. Men like these, indeed, have something of the spirit of the evangelist in them. There are more like them, who, in the course of my weekly notes I intend to drag out of the obscurity in which they have been cheerfully toiling for these many years.

No, the sport of this country stands or falls by its amateur spirit. Without that none of it would be worth while. That spirit will endure as long as the professional showman is kept in his place. And this present generation of amateurs, the youngest in the colleges, the older men on the golf links, the tennis courts, and even in the club corners in the evening, are going to see that he is kept in his place. In that I have an abiding faith based on personal experience.

This season is to be richer in sport than any that ever went before, and it is already well under way. And the country is better equipped than ever before for an intelligent appreciation of it.


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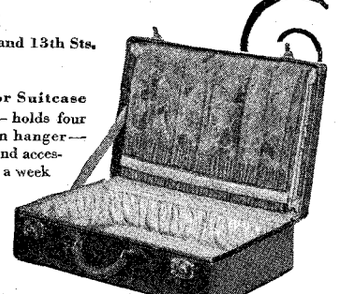
Migrator Overnite
Holds two frocks—on hanger—ample room for lingerie and accessories



Migrator Suitcase
22 inch—holds four gowns on hanger—lingerie and accessories for a week

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# Pim's Yacht

## A Story a Broadway Star Tells His Small Boy

*By* HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

ALTHOUGH, for the public, it is Leslie Howard who occupies the spot-light as the hero of Galsworthy's "Escape," evidently at home on Long Island young Winkie, aged ten, claims the center of the stage. One need only see the twinkle in Mr. Howard's eye as he mentions his son to imagine the delight of Father's return from tour, when he spins another tale of "Pim." "Pim" is a super-boy who knows everything, who always gets the better of grown-ups, and who bears a strange resemblance to Winkie himself, his adventures varying with the ebb and flow of the younger Howard's own interests. Among Pim's—and Winkie's—passions is a love of boats; hence this tale of maritime adventure.

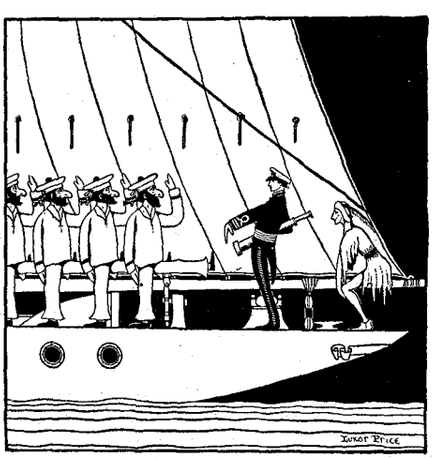
### Pim's Yacht

**As told by Leslie Howard**

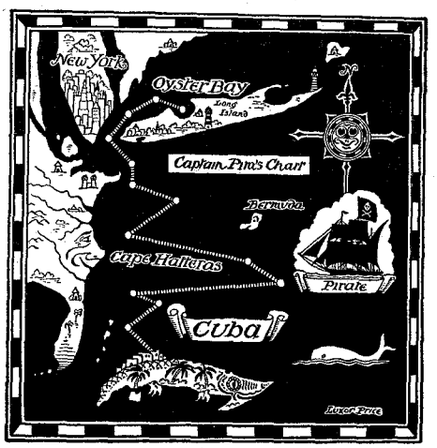
PIM'S best friend was Peter Pan, and next came Hairpin, so called for his very long, thin legs, which he always held somewhat wide apart. But Hairpin was rather a dull clown of a fellow and Peter Pan had never quite grown up, so of course Pim led the trio.

Pim was a remarkable boy. Though only ten years old, he had already made discoveries only suspected by the scientists. But, not caring to be bothered with questions or notoriety, he kept his knowledge to himself, so that his parents, like most fathers and mothers, scarcely appreciated their wonderful son.

Now Pim knew something about



"Proceed to Oyster Bay"




everything, but the one subject on which he could never be stumped was boats. Pim could have taken the captain's place on the biggest ocean liner and conducted it safely to Liverpool if only grown-ups had the sense to appreciate cleverness more than age. There wasn't a fishing schooner nor a racing yacht he could not have sailed with success, and as for motor boats, he could have taken the most complicated one apart and put it together again. But so far no one seemed willing to furnish him with a yacht large enough to cruise around the world.

Toy boats are rather a bore for such a clever young man, but they are better than nothing, and Pim and Peter Pan played with theirs by the hour down beside the water. One day, as they were sitting on shore, idly watching Pim's toy yacht bob up and down, an old gentleman passed by. He had a queer, gnome-like face and a twinkle in his eye.

"It would be rather nice, wouldn't it," said he, "if that were a real yacht?"

"Yes," agreed Pim and Peter, politely.

"Where would you go if it were?" asked the old gentleman.

"To Cuba," answered Pim, promptly.

"Cuba! Could you sail her there?" frowned the curious fellow doubtfully.

"Of course," said Pim, who knew all the sea charts by heart, and he began explaining the route.

"Hm-m!" nodded the old man approvingly, "hm-m!" But when they looked around again, he had disappeared.

"Funny old codger," said Pim. Then he and Peter sat watching the little yacht and dreaming of Cuba, with its long sandy shores and strange people and curious trees and houses.

Suddenly Pim blinked. "Peter," he said, "does that boat seem to be growing larger?"

Peter looked and blinked too. "Why, Pim," he cried, "I do believe it is!"

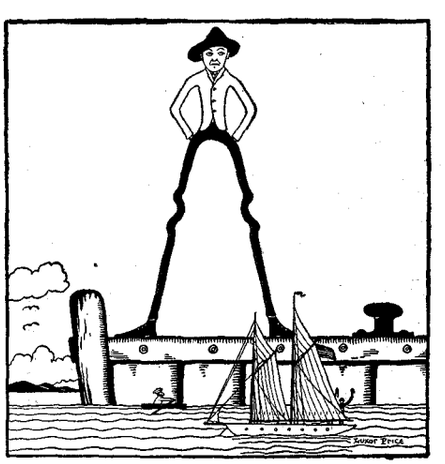
"Or," puzzled Pim, "are we growing smaller?"

Whichever it was, their size or the boat's size, something kept changing and changing until presently, from what now looked like a regular seagoing yacht, they saw a steward untie a dinghy and begin to row towards them. As he drew nearer, and tipped his cap respectfully, Pim and Peter saw that his face was the face of the gnome-like old gentleman!

"Captain Pim, sir?" he said, and, trying not to act surprised, the two boys stepped into the dinghy.

Once aboard, Pim found everything perfect. In his captain's cabin were all the necessary maps and instruments. He rang, and another uniformed steward appeared, strangely enough, with the same twinkling, gnome-like face. But he merely stood at attention, waiting orders.

"We sail for Cuba immediately," or-



The giant Hairpin on the dock

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.



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## The Movies

*(See page 186)*

**"Abie's Irish Rose."**—Just like the play.
**"Across to Singapore."**—Ramón Novarro and Ernest Torrence in an uneven drama.
**"Beau Sabreur."**—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
**"The Big City."**—Lon Chaney.
**"Burning Daylight."**—Won't set fire to anything.
**"The Chaser."**—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
**"Chicago."**—Just like the play—this is praise.
**"The Circus."**—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
**"The Count of Ten."**—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
**"The Crowd."**—A sad story, beautifully directed.
**"Doomsday."**—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
**"Dressed to Kill."**—The ace of the crook plays.
**"Drums of Love."**—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
**"The Escape."**—An interesting, unassuming picture.
**"Four Sons."**—It's a fine film, but too long.
**"The Gaucho."**—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
**"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."**—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
**"A Girl in Every Port."**—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
**"Glorious Betsy."**—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
**"Honor Bound."**—George O'Brien and Estelle Taylor. About medium.
**"The Jazz Singer."**—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
**"The Last Command."**—The great Jannings. See it.
**"The Last Moment."**—Good photography, but little else.
**"The Legion of the Condemned."**—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
**"Love."**—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
**"The Man Who Laughs."**—An impressive, entertaining picture.
**"Mother Machree."**—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
**"A Night of Mystery."**—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
**"The Noose."**—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
**"Partners in Crime."**—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
**"The Patsy."**—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
**"Red Hair."**—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
**"Sadie Thompson."**—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
**"The Secret Hour."**—Pola Negri in a good picture.
**"Simba."**—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
**"Skyscraper."**—Thoroughly enjoyable.
**"The Smart Set."**—William Haines at his worst.
**"Speedy."**—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
**"Stand and Deliver."**—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
**"Street Angel."**—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
**"Sunrise."**—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
**"Tenderloin."**—The first (and worst) talking movie.
**"Three Sinners."**—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
**"The Trail of '98."**—The grandest scenes now on view.
**"Two Lovers."**—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
**"We Americans."**—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
**"Wings."**—The great epic of the war-birds.

dered Pim, sternly. "But first I wish to inspect the ship."

"Yes, sir." The steward led the way, and Pim found everything as perfect as his heart could wish. But as they entered the crew's quarters and the sailors stood at attention it was all Captain Pim could do to keep from rubbing his eyes. For every man had the gnome-like face of the mysterious old gentleman!

Suddenly Pim remembered Hairpin.

"Proceed to Oyster Bay," he ordered, and he and Peter went up on deck. It was really a marvelous yacht, shooting through the waters as smoothly as a bird. As they approached the familiar dock they saw something very tall and thin, shaped like a wireless station, rising in the distance.

"Why," cried Peter, "it's Hairpin!"

Sure enough, it was Hairpin, normal size, but looking like a giant. So Pim's boat had not grown larger; it was they who had grown smaller! How would they ever get Hairpin aboard?

Nothing daunted, Pim sent the steward ashore, but, being rather a new captain, he forgot to give further orders. So the steward, asking no questions, rowed around and around the dock at the feet of Hairpin, who stood, legs apart as usual, looking dreamily out to sea, and noticing neither the little chip of a dinghy nor the tiny speck in the distance on which his two friends stood waving and shouting.

"Well," said Pim, as the steward climbed aboard again, "we'll just have to go on without Hairpin."

"Beg pardon, sir." The steward tipped his hat. "Did you want the tall gentleman to come aboard?"

"Of course," said Pim. "That's why I sent you ashore."

"Oh, sir," said the steward, reproachfully, "you should have told me, sir. We can always arrange these things, sir," and letting down the dinghy once more, he rowed straight towards Hairpin. While Peter and Pim watched anxiously, Hairpin began to grow smaller and smaller, until suddenly he spotted both the dinghy and the beautiful yacht.

"Hello!" he cried in amazement. "Where are you going?"

"To Cuba!" shouted Pim and Peter. "Want to come along?"

"You bet!" yelled Hairpin, scrambling into the dinghy, and in a jiffy he was aboard.

"To Cuba," ordered Captain Pim, and all the queer gnome-like faces of his crew twinkling merrily, off they went!

But as for what happened when their tiny yacht reached a big, regular-sized Cuba you will have to wait till a gnome-like old gentleman comes along and tells you.


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## Our Own Theatre List

*(See page 185)*

**"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.**—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
**"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.**—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.
**"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.**—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
**"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.**—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.
**"Strange Interlude," John Golden.**—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.
**"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.**—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.
**"The Silent House," Morosco.**—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

### Best Musical Shows

**"Funny Face," Alvin.**—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.
**"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.**—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.
**"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.**—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.
**"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.**—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.



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# Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THIS department is run in the interest of readers, and not in that of publishers, reviewers, or authors. In order to fill to the best advantage the limited space allotted, nineteen out of twenty books received for review have to be left unnoticed, and such an omission implies nothing about the nineteen books. But it is nevertheless true that there are not nearly so many important books published as readers are led to believe. Reviewers are naturally interested in the craft of writing and in the appearance of new talents in the field. Readers should accept no one's say-so for a book. Buy and read your own books and make your own judgments.

"THE Closed Garden," by Julian Green. Harper & Brothers. This novel, having been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, has found its way into a more general circulation than might have been expected from its nature. The story is insistently gloomy, the setting drab, and the principal character abnormal. There have been great books so describable; books read and cherished, not by readers of a month, but by readers of generations. But they have been books which inclosed, as in a bitter shard, the germ of all human experience. Adrienne Mesurat, whose soul is the closed garden, is the hysterical product of a ghastly childhood, imprisoned with a gloomy, tyrannical father and a sickly sister in the Villa des Charmes. The repression, above all, the monotony of her existence, has driven her into hysteria. It eventually drives her into imagining herself in love with the local doctor, whom she has barely seen and never spoken to. Her life becomes an endless morbid dream. She lives in a speechless, almost motionless turbulence, conceiving plans for meeting her beloved, permitting them to be frustrated by her habit of conformity and suffering. She helps her sister, whom the father will not allow to be ill, to leave home, and when her father turns against her for this and for what he believes to be her love affair she pushes him down the stairway to his death. The murder is suspected by two women, one of whom, whose reputation with the local gossips is bad, takes the father's place as Adrienne's chief torturer. The doctor is finally told of Adrienne's feelings and makes a decent and fruitless attempt to free her from her destructive obsessions. And Adrienne, distraught by fear and by the discovery that her love is a nuisance to its object, goes raving mad.

It is a terrible story, rasping to the nerves, but not stirring to the emotions. Green is a realist of the unreal. His descriptive powers are great. The atmosphere of the French village and of the house, saturated with hate and suppression, hangs about the reader like inescapable and stifling smoke. And both in "Avarice House," his previous book, and in "The Closed Garden" the author shows a strong and genuine narrative gift. It is his triumph that he does not permit the psychological-novel aspect of his work to override the pure story aspect. This narrative gift, coupled with his insistence upon the harrowing, puts his readers somewhat in the position of people captured by a young bully and made to endure the torture of listening to the shriek of chalk drawn down a blackboard or the scrape of files against teeth.

Julian Green has received a great deal of praise. His work has been compared to Emily Brontë's and to Balzac's. It is not very surprising that Green, an American born and reared in France and writing in French, should couple Latin physical expression with northern spiritual essence. This is one of his claims to the attention of the curious. We believe that it may prove his undoing as an artist. It is a question of the old joke—if the cat had kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits. Well, if they were baked, they would certainly not be kittens. French critics speak of Green as the foremost French writer of his generation; American reviewers hail him as an American genius. He is without any question a French writer, and his books read better in French than in English. So far as we have seen, the French critics are right. But *genius* is another thing. A genius is the mouthpiece through which that force which is made up of all the aspiration and all the suffering of humanity speaks a fraction of its infinite wisdom; it is a man become *Man*. At present Julian Green is still a promise, a novelist of undoubted talent to whose future one looks eagerly. Tomorrow, if he shows himself as able in dealing with the normal as he now is with the abnormal, he may be a novelist of great talent, and a fulfillment.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

**New York—Brentano's;**
**Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;**
**Cleveland—Korner & Wood;**
**St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;**
**Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;**
**Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;**
**San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;**
**Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;**
**Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;**
**Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;**
**Los Angeles—Bullock's;**
**Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.**

### Fiction

**"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni.** This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

**"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co.** A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

**"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co.** We recommend, especially to young men and women, this fine story of the trials of the first married year of two plain young people, their touching misunderstandings and honest efforts to understand; and a deeply moving account of the most thrilling experience a woman can have—a baby. Banned by Boston.

**"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Logan Stuart. Harper & Brothers.** Reviewed in this issue.

**"The Green Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons.** Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

### Non-Fiction

**"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.** This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

**"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co.** This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

**"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons.** This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

**"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright.** If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

**"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co.** An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns and a poet's appreciation of the "good soldier." Reviewed May 16.

## Burgoyne's Surrender

By W. J. GHENT

**"The Turning Point of the Revolution," by Hoffman Nickerson.** *Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Yorktown was the child of Saratoga, contends Mr. Nickerson; without Burgoyne's surrender and the French intervention that promptly followed it the colonies could hardly have won their independence. From a careful examination of all the available material he has reconstructed the Saratoga campaign and presented a study packed with informative detail and illumined with keen



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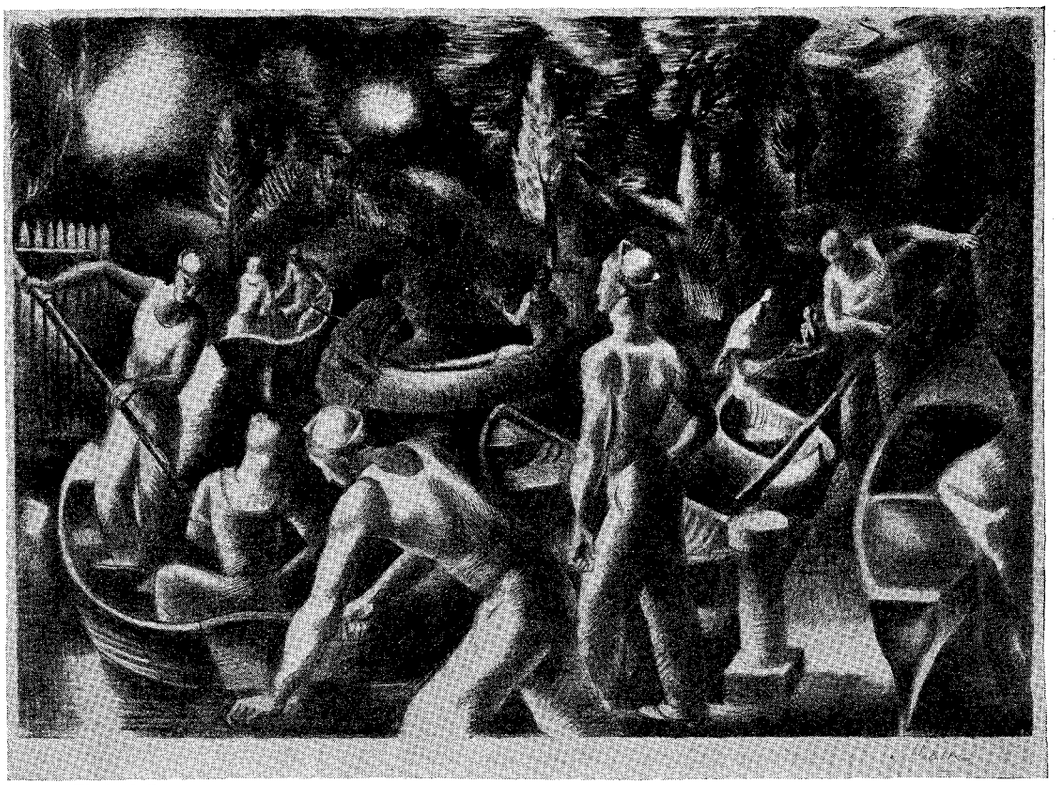
interpretation. The political no less than the military aspects of the campaign are exhaustively treated, and the leading figures in the drama are vividly characterized.

The plan of cutting off New England from the other colonies by piercing the line of the Hudson River was sound enough, the author maintains; and Burgoyne, despite his faults, was competent for the rôle he was scheduled to play. But the blundering of the Colonial Secretary, Lord George Germaine, and of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Howe, altered that rôle by depriving Burgoyne of the co-operation on which he had counted. Germaine's order to Howe to move up the Hudson was never signed and never sent, but carelessly pigeonholed or mislaid; and Howe, seeing something more to his liking in the movement against Philadelphia, left Burgoyne to shift for himself. By August 3 the latter knew that he had been deserted, and though two months later he was indulging in extravagant hopes over Sir Henry Clinton's northward movement, the reverses at Bennington and Fort Stanwix, the checkmate of September 19, and the defeat of October 7 placed him in a position from which advance or retreat was equally impossible. His one hope of salvation—a prompt and vigorous movement from the south—was not forthcoming, and the surrender of October 17 followed. By December 4 the news was known at the French Court. Within forty-eight hours the King had approved a memorandum recognizing the United States and virtually allying France with the infant Republic, and within two months the definite treaty of alliance was signed.

If there is nothing strikingly new in the depiction of the scene and its setting, there are yet outstanding qualities in the work that lift it to a place of notable importance. It is thorough, both in its accumulation of material and in its painstaking analysis. Everything relative to the subject has been examined with minute care. The narrative is spirited and the account of particular episodes often colorful, but there is no straining after unusual effects. The tone is judicial. Of that current claptrap that plays upon the mentality of the adult small boy by belittling the great and exalting the mediocre among our historic characters there is no trace. Gates, though possessing "some skill as an administrator" and "not a little of sound military judgment," still remains "a mean, base fellow;" and Washington, though it would be folly to place him, as some have done, "among the supreme masters of war," had greatness due to character, and at the same time was "a highly talented man whose competence as a leader of armies is unquestionable." There is throughout the book honest examination and fair appraisal.

The reader who believes that a fact-book ought to be strongly fortified (or perhaps richly embellished) with footnotes will vainly look for them in this volume. The author is opposed to them; he believes that they distract the attention and obstruct the flow of the narrative. Just how this objection would apply to notes printed at the end of the book, where one can look for them or not as one pleases, is not explained. But for appendices, on the other hand, the author has a high regard, and he gives no less than forty-seven pages of them. They are all valuable, but it is hard to see how their value would have been impaired had each been designated by a small-type figure in the text.



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

**A SUMMER NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK**

**A Lithograph by Jan Matulka**

## Red Man, Black Man

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

**"Memoirs of a White Crow Indian," as told by Thomas B. Marquis, M.D.** The Century Company.

**"Rainbow Round My Shoulder," by Howard W. Odum.** The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A child's chalk drawings on a board fence and a Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" spring from largely the same characteristic of the human race, and yet in any comparison of the two art works the former must suffer. And so it is with "Memoirs of a White Crow Indian" and "Rainbow Round My Shoulder." The one is a book, the other an epic; one a set of notes, the other a lyrical plaint; one an account of incidents in an individual's life, the other a glimpse into the soul of the Negro race. Injustice it may be, then, to compare, or contrast, the two, and yet the very title of Dr. Marquis's book begs consideration as a work on the American Indian. Then,



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too, considered side by side, these two works throw into contrast the virile, restrained efficiency of the red man and the musically spiritual unrest of the black man—forces that to some extent explain the assimilation, if not the decay, of the one and the mental growth of the other.

Since Dr. Marquis is not an Indian, and since Thomas H. Leforge, the narrator for whom the physician writes, is "a White" turned Indian by adoption, the interpretation here comes third-handedly. The resultant is no work of penetrative power, but a straightforward recital of activities, many of them unimportant—the more so since Leforge is typical of only the "squaw man" who so often turned too easily to the easy life of the Western Indian. "Kinnikinick smoke" is little more than the phrase. One neither sees it curling bluely upward from a pipe nor breathes it into his lungs. "He was a great Sun worshiper" gives no spiritual insight. And yet here were two opportunities. The "Memoirs" correct some minor errors relative to the Custer massacre of 1876 and serve as a "Who Was Who" during two decades in a limited plains area. The most valuable and interesting chapters are "Life in the Lodges of the Crows" and "Old Crow Indian Customs and Beliefs."

If the heart of the undemonstrative Indian throbs as does that of the demonstrative Negro, then the joint authorship has robbed a race of a birthright.

Mr. Odum has done for another "color" all that Messrs. Leforge and Marquis have left undone—and considerably more. He not only takes us over the "Blue Trail of Black Ulysses," but he penetrates deep, deep behind that trail, to the fiber of Negro existence, and, finally, sets his words to a rhythm as irresistible as that coming from the wanderer's "ole twelve-string Laura."

Like many another "mean nigger" he talks about, "Black Ulysses" knows "he done sold his soul to the devil and he have to stick it out, and all the pleasure he gits he must git out of this life." He's "done every kind of travelin' an' livin' and hustlin'," and when he isn't doing these he "jes' sings." Never did more happen in one small book. Skip a paragraph, and you may skip what some writers would do into a volume. He of the "willing spirit and strong flesh" never really meant "to hurt nobody but jes' felt" his "hell a-risin'," and so, because of a story told in a paragraph, he's "leavin'" for "jes' any place" that he is not. Movement vivid, rough, primitive! Passions arise in liquor, and are cooled in song and laughter. "Ulysses," the black, works at almost everything. He loves, he deceives, he kills. He goes and comes endlessly, but always there is his cry for his mother and his home. Judgment of character, either white or black, is all too seldom carried to the high degree here attained. "Black Ulysses" understands himself to an amazing degree, but he is too restless, too care-free, to take issue with other than life itself. His life is musical rather than gentle—but to attempt the telling of all the author has put into the book would, as his chief character says in his refrains, "take till tomorrow night to tell 'bout 'em." The keenest of penetration Mr. Odum puts into the italics prefacing all chapters.

Imagination and spiritual life the Indian may have had. He may have sought as the Negro still seeks, blindly and otherwise handicapped. Neither red man nor white, however, has sought more strenuously than the black. Mr. Odum shows where the search can lead, and in addition comes close to laying bare the urge itself.

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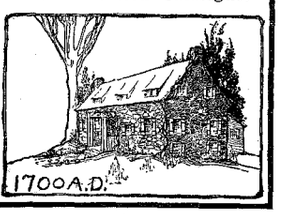


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# Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

William Morton Wheeler's
**Foibles of Insects and Men**
Knopf

In the sixteenth century the relatives of a certain Lady Glanville tried to have her will set aside on the ground that, since she habitually pursued butterflies, she must have been insane. Even today the entomologist is an object of derision among those who do not realize that such projects as the Panama Canal could never have been carried through without him. Yet those who laugh heartily at the bug-hunter peering at a small cockroach through a magnifying-glass would be amazed to learn how much the antics of ants and spiders and roaches resemble his own behavior. These are scientific papers, not originally written for popular consumption, yet so interesting is the matter, and so well does Professor Wheeler express it, that it cannot fail to entertain the reader. Here are ants that live like poor relatives on the bounty of other ants, ogre wasps that prey on ant communities, but disdain the common people and carry off to their caverns and devour only the queens, coy lady spiders who can only be won with gifts, and wicked lady spiders who bite off their lovers' heads even while embracing them. The last paper in the book is one of the most pointed and amusing essays we have ever read. It is in the form of a letter from the King of the 8,429th Dynasty of the Bellicose Termites, in which a comparison is made between the civilizations of men and termites. This King gazes upon men and is not impressed. "A lot of cave men and cave women," he says, "playing at having a perpetual pink tea or Kaffeeklatsch." It is well worth reading.

James Norman Hall's
**Mid-Pacific**
Houghton Mifflin

Such of these essays and sketches as deal with the South Seas are neither feverish, sentimental, nor statistical. They don't tell you what the South Seas are like or what you may expect to find there; they tell you what the author found there—and whether Mr. Hall goes to the South Seas or the North Pole, he can be counted on to find a great many interesting things to say. We don't know much about the physical contour, products, or population of these islands he has visited, but we know exactly what life there is like. Mr. Hall is a romantic, a journalist-at-large who takes his journalism much less seriously than the quality of his prose will permit at least one reader to take it. Since the war, of his part in which he has elsewhere written something, he has abandoned civilization—temporarily perhaps, since, having made no grand gesture of renunciation, he has nothing to live up to. And he writes about what he sees and thinks—very simply and clearly, so that without any effort you see it and think it too.

Henry Outerbridge's
**Captain Jack**
Century

If you want to start a little revolution somewhere south of the Rio Grande, we suggest that you get in touch with Captain Jack, who has fit and bled in various parts of the world, sometimes on both sides at once. These adventures of a soldier of fortune and Secret Service man are guaranteed authentic by the publisher, and we see no reason to doubt it, since they are certainly stranger than fiction, and more exciting. Captain Jack's specialty is machine guns, and with a few of these and his gang of roughnecks to handle them, he has been the trusted ally of not a few Mexican generals, and when he says, "Obregon and I gave Villa a bad time," we feel sure that Obregon was really nothing but a bystander. We liked the poker-game story, in which he slipped the extra card—dealt him by his opponent in an effort to invalidate his hand—into a sandwich and ate it. And yes, we even believe in Olga, the beautiful Boche spy, and her strange passion for her enemy.

Felix Riesenberg's
**Shipmates**
Harcourt, Brace

If you love the sea, you will enjoy these sketches of men and ships and places, but if you do not love it they will never make you. Captain Riesenberg has written some good things, but this is diluted Riesenberg—Riesenberg and milk. Pleasantly written—but you will not sit up until 2 A.M. to finish it.

**What'll We Do Now?**
Simon & Schuster

Here are all sorts of games that you can start when your party begins to go dead on you—if you give that kind of party. Personally, if we couldn't throw a party without the aid of a book . . . but we must admit that many of these games are good ones. Perhaps it irritated us to be told of each game that it was played with great gusto in the home of some celebrity or other. We didn't like the implication that the reader couldn't tell a good game when he saw one. And if they'd left out Heywood Broun, Ring Lardner, Marion Davies, *et al.*, there'd have been room for more games.


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